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THE SPHERE, MAY 7, 1938
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Vol. CLIII No. 1998 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 7 1938

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London, May 7, 1938

THE ALBANIAN ROYAL WEDDING

King Zog and Countess Geraldine Apponyi Standing Together During Their Marriage According to Civil Law at the Royal Palace in Tirana

Albania, that half-eastern land of Balkan Europe, emerging only now from the feudal ages into the limelight of the western world, was the scene on April 27 of a ceremony of deep significance when in the Royal Palace at Tirana, in a hall hung with Oriental weapons and ancient Albanian cloaks, King Zog, the country's progressive forty-two-year-old ruler, married Countess Geraldine Apponyi, twenty-one-year-old daughter of a former high official of the Hungarian Court, thus making possible the continuance of the dynasty he himself has founded. It was a simple ceremony, lasting only just over six minutes, three-and-a-half of which were occupied signing the register, and there was no religious service in view of the differing beliefs of the bride and bridegroom. When the news that the wedding had taken place became known by the first of a salvo of 101 guns, pandemonium broke out in the streets and public squares of Tirana, and thereafter the day was given up to rejoicing and celebration in a manner that betokened clearly enough the popularity of the match, townsfolk and picturesquely-clad Moslem peasants from the mountain fastnesses uniting in expressions of loyalty to the King and the new Queen. Later in the day there was a military review, and afterwards their Majesties left by car for the honeymoon at Durazzo. One of the principal witnesses at the ceremony was Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister

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A LONDON NEWS

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TALKS: M. Daladier, the French Premier, and M. Bonnet, the Foreign Minister, leaving No. 10 Downing Street after an all-day meeting with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax at which they ranged over the whole vital question of securing appeasement in Europe and agreed to co-operate in seeking a peaceful solution of the German-Czechoslovak problem. The two French Ministers are not yet familiar figures here and the individual contacts they made during their stay undoubtedly have a special value

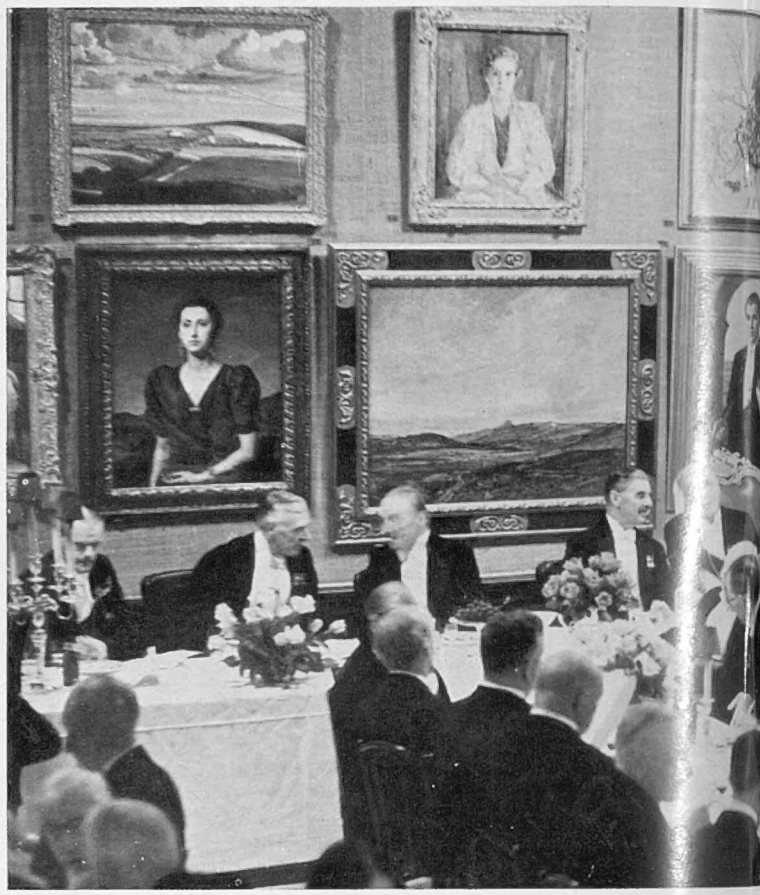
32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

Wednesday, May 4, 1938.

ANGLO-FRENCH.—There is no doubt that a good deal of cordial has been poured into the Entente Cordiale, somewhat diluted of late (in the cup of the average Briton) by political events and stratagems in France. France is like that. We remember how in the great war their fine troops came up in a crisis always at the end of the eleventh hour but when at last they came, with their 75's apparently tied up with string, they did the business shrewdly. In M. Daladier (one may really hope) they have found the "leader" so long and painfully sought. It is high time. We were growing cynical about our vital old friendship; and pray Heaven the professional politician and the agitator in France have tumbled to it. In so far as M. Daladier can pledge his country, he last week strengthened the Entente very considerably and rationalised it to meet modern requirements and urgent problems. Mr. Churchill's theories have materialised. Defensive measures have been agreed, measures for military co-operation, if necessary; for joint purchases of armament material; for united policy on the problems of Spain and Central Europe; on the coming recognition of the Abyssinian Empire (an Empire still very much in the making); on the date when the question of German penetration into Spain shall be raised. It seems that the defence measures were really carried a long way, right up to decision as to the unified command of the different arms of the service. These talks have not come too soon and must surely have a restraining effect on Dictators. France has been weakened by internal affairs but she is still strong and always resilient, and we are growing stronger every week.

THE CHURCH AND THE ARMY: The Chancel of the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, the centenary of the opening of which was celebrated yesterday, May 6, when the King and Queen, accompanied by Queen Mary, arranged to attend a special service there. To mark the event Major Sir Nevile Wilkinson has written a history of the Chapel and in doing so has paid tribute to the founder, Canon Dakins, a man of indefatigable energy, whose life's ambition was to secure "the provision of proper accommodation for Divine Service for his beloved Guardsmen"

A THOUSAND MILLION.—We know (so far as man can know) our fate as taxpayers for 1938–39. Sir John has told us shortly and less persuasively than Mr. Chamberlain used to do. The revenue produced £914,000,000. We propose to spend £1,034,000,000, and perhaps more; and most certainly more next year. How to find the £120,000,000 not covered by last year's demands? £90,000,000 will be found by borrowing on defence loans; £5,350,000 will be obtained by increasing the tax on oils; £2,750,000 by adding 2d. to the tax on tea (taxing your breakfast-table). The bulk of the rest of £30,000,000 will perhaps be found by increasing income tax by another 6d., making it 5s. 6d. But the small man will not suffer the full extent of this direct taxation. His first £135 of earned income will still be taxed at one-third of 5s. and not of 5s. 6d.—that is at 1s. 8d., not at 1s. 10d. The House was surprised. The City disappointed. The country has got to bear it and probably can bear it. We have known a 6s. income tax and perhaps we shall see it again, unless the larger lunacy of Europe is curtailed before next April. It may be, too, that the artful dodgers among the milch cows may all be rounded up and may yield a bigger churnful than is anticipated. When it comes at last to £1,000,000,000 budgets, posterity must bear its share of making England safe for Democracy and our chief regret is that it is to take no heavier strain. Mr. Attlee's criticism proved Sir John's case for his Budget. The Chancellor revealed that another contribution which he had made to our safety was a leaf taken from the Book of Exodus. He had stored sufficient quantities of wheat, whale oil and sugar to tide us over several lean months of war.



"THE FUNCTION OF SUCH AN INSTITUTION AS THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS TO HOLD A MIDDLE COURSE BETWEEN TRADITION AND INNOVATION," said Mr. Winston Churchill in an eloquent speech at the Royal Academy Banquet held in the main gallery of Burlington House last Saturday to mark the opening of the Summer Exhibition. Seated at the top table can be seen Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Prime Minister, in conversation with Sir William Llewellyn, President of the R.A., and on the right of the table are seated Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Belgian Ambassador

EIRE — NEW ERA.—The Anglo-Irish Pact came as a pleasant surprise on both sides of the Irish Channel. Mr. de Valera deserved success for his sportsmanship and moderation and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. MacDonald are to be congratulated on another step towards general appeasement. It was in 1932 that Mr. de Valera decided to withhold the Land Annuity payments. Instantly the better relations between the two countries, initiated six or seven years before, were twisted into an economic warfare which hurt both nations and helped no person or cause. It was as inevitable as unfortunate. While it continued, the prospect of re-establishing co-operation in trade and defence receded. Both have long been urgent matters for settlement, in the way of which two main obstacles have stood—the question of the Land Annuities and the question of Northern Ireland. While Mr. de Valera was adamant about the former and continued to live in dreams on the latter question, there could be no solution. But time and economic facts have worked on his idealism and he came prepared to treat with realities for counters. In that spirit the English ministers met him warmly half-way and Northern Ireland knew and knows that she will never be sold or betrayed. The question of a United Ireland is one for Ireland, henceforth. Without the consent of Northern Ireland it will never come about. But time and circumstance may one day lead the two contributories into a common stream. The annuity question is settled and expunged by an agreed Irish payment of £10,000,000, a very welcome compromise at which no Englishman will cavil. The control of the vital coast defence stations, Cork, Swilly, Berehaven, will be transferred to the responsibility of Eire. And a drastic revision of customs duties will be instantly set on foot for the benefit of mutual trade. For six years the Irish farmer has counted his losses and the English producer has failed to count his gains. Now there is a chance once more that better relations, more sympathetic understanding and better trade may flourish for and between the three parties interested and no one need cavil if

LETTER

the patriot of Eire dream that a united Ireland may one day emerge from the three's closer union for defence and trade.

DICTATORS MEET.—The Berlin meeting of the Dictators had tremendous results for Europe, revealed without long delay. Now a return visit is being made in Rome by Herr Hitler. On the face of it—if pacts and facts mean anything—there is less freedom for axis movement, and the open avenues lead mostly to a wider appeasement. During the Berlin visit there was little to give pause to Dictator aggression. Since then, Britain and France have stirred in their sleep; Italy has had a rude shock from the direction of the Brenner and Trieste; Japan has had an inkling that aggression may not always pay, a lesson brought home also to Italy. The Spanish business is not definitely in its last chapter. The Dictators meet again in a changed Europe. They discover a noticeably stronger, more resolute Britain; a re-cemented Entente; a France apparently awake at last; an America jolted into the admission that Europe exists even for America; a map-change not altogether to the liking of Italy. And over Europe a distinct change of sentiment, the general realisation that

the rule of smash-and-grab has gone far enough, and that nothing can save civilisation but a gradual return to the rule of law; and that nothing can bring that rule of law and order back but greater courage, greater restraint in speech and action, and if need be, alliances for defence in the manner of the old diplomacy pending the re-establishment of League principles. The field of enterprise for aggression is narrowed. Some of the broad and easy ways are barricaded. There is writing on the wall, and some hope that the Dictators will pursue policies of mutual benefit more constructive and less destructive, more altruistic and less individualistic.

GLASGOW EXHIBITION.—It is probable that by June "every schoolboy" will know what and where is "Tait's," or the Empire, Tower and by August not even a Judge of the High Court will ask innocently: "Where is Bella Houston?" This great exhibition which the King opened on May 3 dwarfs into insignificance the eighty-year-old effort of the Prince Consort and Paxton, and in many directions goes a long way beyond Wembley and Paris. Like Wembley, it is a great Empire show and is by no means confined to Empire industries. Its appeal is far wider than to buyers. It appeals to the imagination of every type of mind and to men, women and children of every calling and class. It is a document of the political and social history of every component of the Empire and a living University from which Britons can graduate B.A. (Imp.). For foreigners it will be a book of the British Empire lucidly written, easy to read and perfectly indexed. Visitors and journalists will inevitably and often return to it during the summer and many will see it for the first time during the Scottish season in August and September. From now until October the second city of the Empire will be the Empire's publicity agent of its greatness and wealth and initiative. Much has been learned from Paris of the technique of colour and light. The Tower is a modern Taj Mahal and all the pavilions are outstanding in colour treatment, while the floodlighting effects on lake, fountains and cascades and in the young green of the foliage make the city a place of enchantment while still in the making. Lovely and delicate as much of the building and planning are, they are created to survive and some indeed will permanently contribute to the amenities of Glasgow.

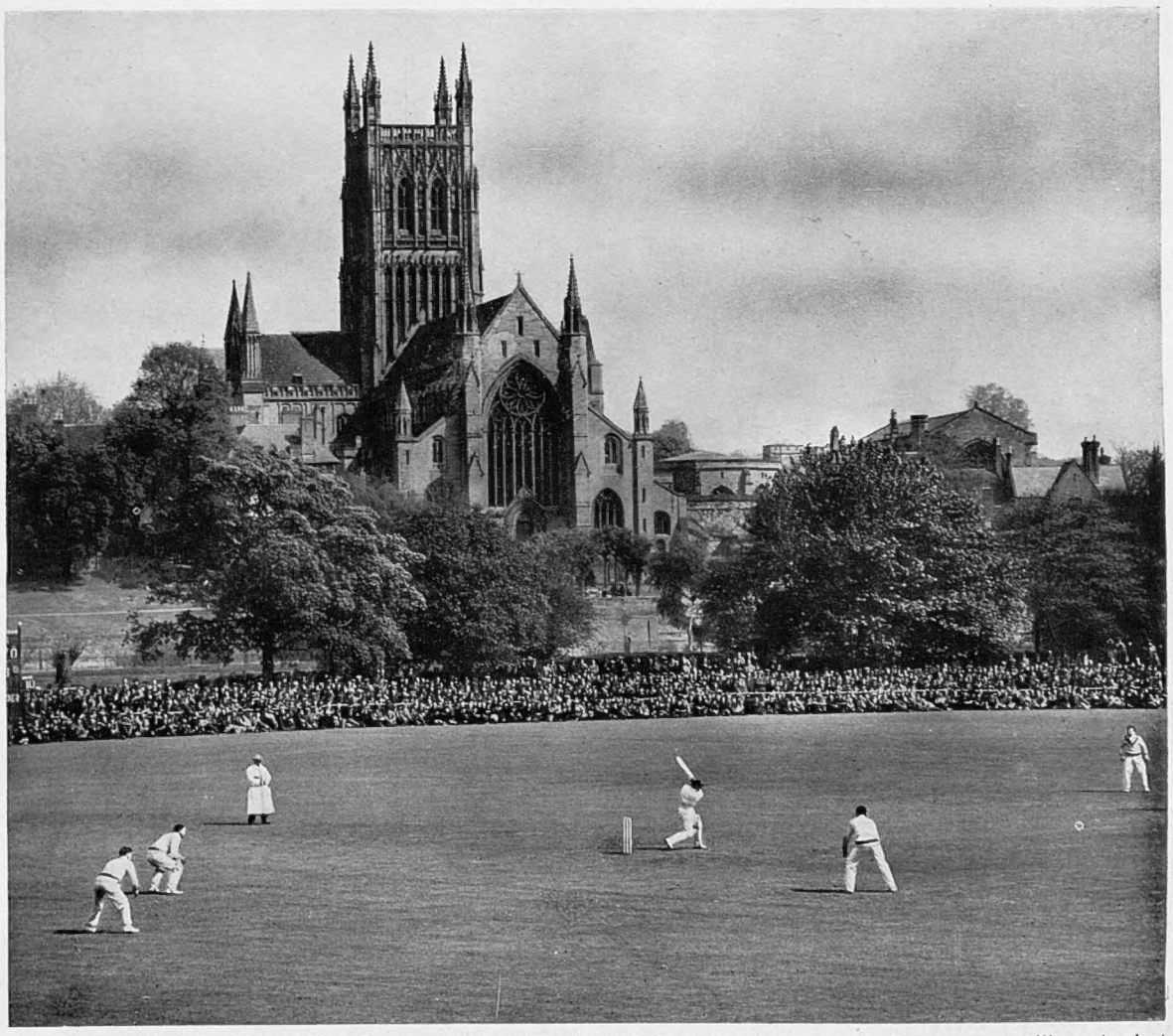
SHAW AND SHAKESPEARE.—On the eve of Shakespeare's birthday (St. George's Day, Zeebrugge Day, England's Day) Mr. Shaw took seasonable seizin of that ugly little triangle (the Gibraltar of Cromwell Road) where the National Theatre is to stand and where classic drama is to be played without box-office anxiety to restrict the purity of production and to contaminate the springs of art. It was a field day for Mr. Shaw, for he went on to Broadcasting House to introduce his *Dark Lady* to the air. Mr. Shaw's speaking voice is in curious contrast to the hammers and vitriol of his pen. It is as gentle as a sucking dove's, insidiously suave and having the humility of omniscience. His choice of paradox for the occasions was general ignorance. Queen Elizabeth had never heard of Shakespeare. The British Government to a man had never heard of Shakespeare. The British public had never heard of Shakespeare and did not want Shakespeare, or his plays or his theatre. Having heard (bit by bit) that there was a Shakespeare, they are prepared to make a pet of him as they do of the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Lord Mayor's Show . . . and one day will do of the Gibraltar of Cromwell Road (so long as they are not expected to pay for arming it). Mr. Shaw was as amusing as ever and let out between his jests and profundities two bits of news: he made clear how strongly he had urged the aptness of a Whitehall site for the National Theatre—urged it at a psychological moment when the spot where Shakespeare once played before King James was available; and he emphasised the share which Dame Edith Lyttelton has during long years of endeavour contributed to the materialisation of that long deferred great expectation—a National Theatre.

STOLEN OLD MASTERS.—A world famous Rembrandt is about as useful to a thief (commercially) as a £1,000 Bank Note to Robinson Crusoe. For no art buyer, ready to pay good money for a masterpiece, is ignorant of the history and ownership of historic pictures. The "Duchess of Devonshire" and other famous stolen pictures spent their lost years rolled up in attics, blushing unseen. I believe there are known cases of works of art stolen by thieves in the less ignoble lust for possession and gloating in private. But such cases must be very rare. The average thief is commercially minded and the gang who played the devil with the Davis collection at Chilham may have convinced themselves that they might reap a percentage of the great value of their haul from some overseas source, be it fence or genuine but ignorant "connoisseur". The stolen pictures (one or two of which have already been recovered) are a famous Rembrandt, two Gainsboroughs both well known, a Reynolds and a Vandyke. I would rather have taken the pure gold idol 12 ins. high—which I hope is now safely hidden in a bank vault. But even expert thieves can nod, like their victims. And this seems to have been an ill-considered venture.

PÉLISSIER RETURNS.—"I am a part of all that I have met." It is not too much to say that Pélissier's Follies had a hand in making the character and moulding the humour of middle-aged Englishmen. It was at Pélissier's University that we graduated B.A. and secured first class honours Lit. Hum. Can a man recapture the rapturous experiences of youth? I fear not. But that will not deter me from trying. I shall book my seat for the *Pélissier Follies of 1938*, which Pélissier's son is producing at the Saville. It is a strong cast, and the great traditions are being maintained. Good as I know the show must be, faithful to the great originals as I doubt not it is, yet the Old Stagers in the stalls and pit and gallery will be conscious of the absentees. Lewis Sydney ("Kissing Cup's Race"), Stanley Holloway (who might be even now of the number of the elect), Betty Chester, "Mr. Palliser's" stage carpenter (that superb artist), Davy Burnaby, . . . and other immortal memories. Their shades will come between us and the actors on the stage of 1938, and obstinately and tiresomely we shall whisper: "Good, very good; but do you remember . . . ?" "Ready there with the scenery." "He bwoke down and cwied like a little child." "S'long as we've a king like good King Edward, for 'e 'ites that sort o' thing." *Vestigia nulla*. I fear that audience and players (1938) will find us tiresome old bores; for we wear the old school tie of the only original Pélissier Academy.

THE VYNE.—I opened my summer campaign of visiting other people's gardens with a pilgrimage to The Vyne, near Basingstoke, on St. George's Day. It was an appropriate choice for the day, for The Vyne is very typical of a fine English tradition. It was built in the reign of Henry VIII by that successful soldier, the first Lord Sandys, of small Tudor bricks, very plain and severe. The Sandys held it until the Civil Wars, which ruined them, and then sold it to the Parliamentarian lawyer, Chaloner Chute, who was Speaker of the House in 1659. And there the Chutes remain in possession to this day. The house is remarkably little changed. Chaloner Chute "rationalised" it on purchase, pulling down a large courtyard which covered all the large expanse of lawn down to the lake and also a battlemented wall on the south-east, but all he added to the house was a classic portico. Inside, the house contains some magnificent linen-fold panelling, some interesting pictures by Holbein and other Tudor masters, and one or two good Vandykes.

THE OLD STAGER



AND MIGHTILY HITS THE DON! Bradman driving a ball from Perks during the Australian first innings at Worcester last Saturday, when the tourists opened the Test season in grand style, and Bradman knocked up a double century, scoring 258 runs in brisk time and giving an 11,000 crowd a demonstration of batsmanship they will long remember. Worcester, with its noble cathedral dominating the scene across the river, is one of the pleasantest of all the county grounds

DOOMED: The picturesque entrance of Pembroke House, the residence built by the 10th Earl of Pembroke in the eighteenth century and now being demolished in connection with the clearance of a site for the monster block of offices to be built by the Government in Whitehall to accommodate between 5 000 and 6,000 civil servants and at least four departments

THE SALE AT PEMBROKE HOUSE: *Left*—Marking a piece of panelling after it had been purchased and (*right*) gilt cornices ready for dispatch following the auction a few days ago of the fittings of this house which is being demolished to make way for the new Government offices in Whitehall. The place was built to the designs of Sir William Chambers, architect of Somerset House, and its glory has always been its plasterwork, much of which is being preserved

ATTACK ON WHITEHALL

Men engaged in demolition work at the rear of Gwydyr House, the Air Ministry building. Gwydyr House is to be extended and will not be involved in the general demolition necessary for clearing the site for the new monster block of offices which is to cost in the neighbourhood of £1,750,000 and will change the whole face of Whitehall

THE KING OPENS THE

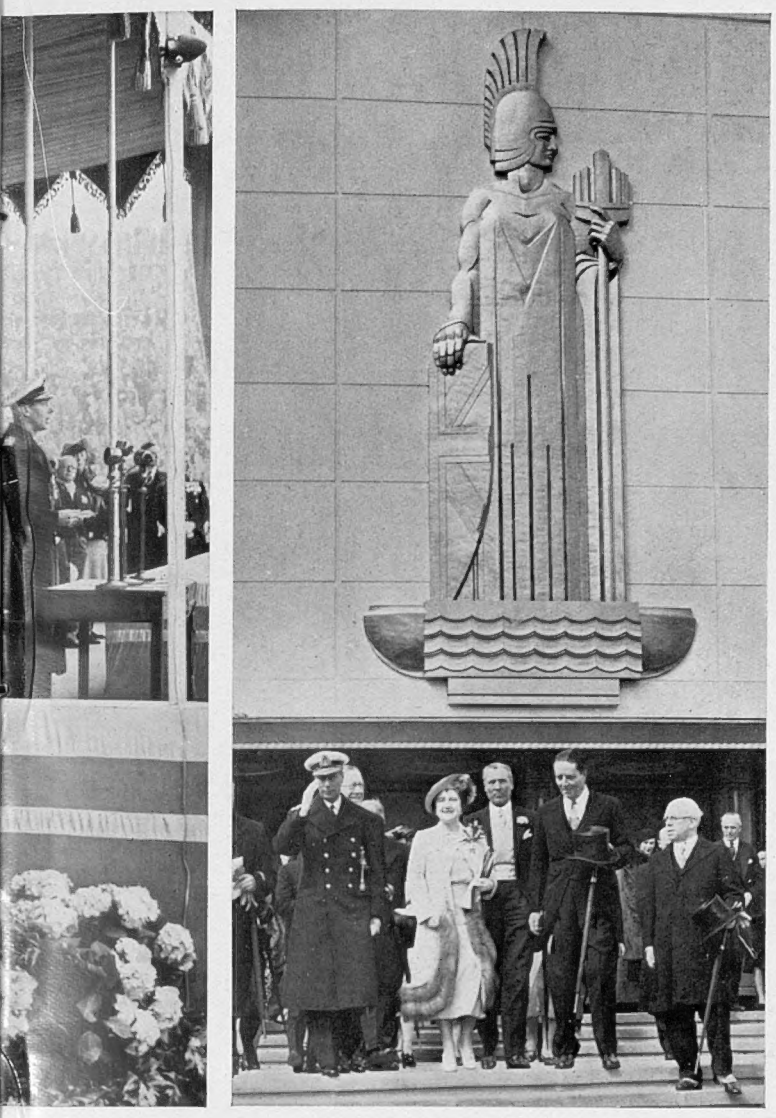
Pageantry in the Ibrox Stadium and at Bellahouston Park During

A SYMBOL OF SCOTTISH VITALITY: This was the keynote of the King's speech when on Tuesday of this week he delivered his inaugural address in the Ibrox Stadium, Glasgow, before opening the Empire Exhibition in Bellahouston Park—a veritable town of 100 individual palaces and

ARRIVAL AT BELLAHOUSTON: The King and Queen driving in their open landau on reaching the Glasgow Exhibition grounds after conducting the inaugural ceremony at neighbouring Ibrox stadium. Their Majesties spent a considerable time viewing the attractively presented Scottish display

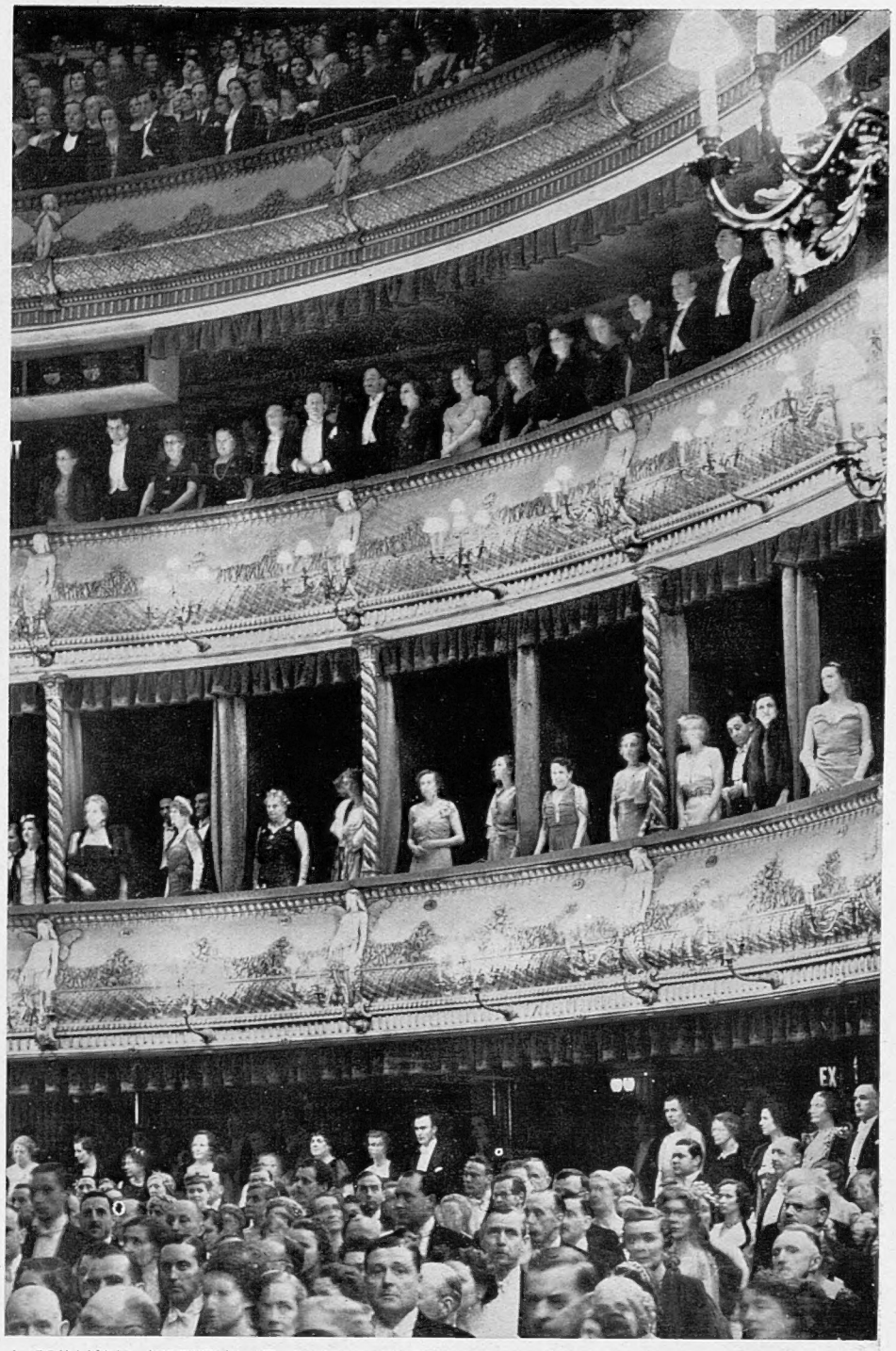
GLASGOW EXHIBITION

Last Tuesday's Royal Inauguration of the Great Imperial Display



pavilions looking out over the waters of the Clyde. Behind the dais the North Stand and its flanking slopes were given up to youth, some 10,000 school-children being present. After the ceremony the King and Queen toured the exhibition grounds and they are seen *above* leaving the United Kingdom Pavilion

LEAVING THE AUSTRALIAN PAVILION: The King and Queen outside the modernistic building bearing the arms of the Commonwealth. At this point of their tour they parted company, each, followed by an enthusiastic crowd, spending the remaining time before luncheon in further sightseeing



A BRILLIANT ASSEMBLY AT COVENT GARDEN: The audience standing to attention for the playing of the National Anthem on the first night of London's International Opera Season at which Mozart's *Die Zauberflote* was presented, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. The Princess Royal, Princess Helena Victoria, and the Earl of Harewood occupied the Royal box

LONDON IN MAY

Members of the first women's golf team from South Africa seen on arrival at Southampton. There are six in the party and, in addition to playing matches in four counties, the team will compete in the Women's Amateur Championship to be held at Burnham-on-Sea from May 16 to 20

THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN NAZIS MEET

Herr Henlein Makes Bold Demands at Carlsbad Meeting of the German Minority—The Eight-Point Programme

SEEKING AUTONOMY: Nazis on guard outside the Congress Hall at Carlsbad, Czechoslovakia, as Herr Henlein, their leader, made his momentous speech defining in the most definite terms the attitude and demands of the German minority within the State, claiming, among other things, "full liberty to profess German nationality and German political philosophy, and a wide measure of self-government." The speech had a speedy reaction in Europe

A MINORITY MEETS: Nazis leaving the Congress Hall at Carlsbad after hearing the eight-point programme of Herr Henlein (*below on left*), the Nazi leader in Czechoslovakia. Herr Henlein, who draws a salary from the German government and earns a considerable sum from journalism, lives almost as simply to-day as he did six years ago when he was a poorly paid gymnastic instructor. His present home is a three-room flat in Saatz, a provincial town

The tangled skein of European politics presents no more dangerously complicated problem than that of the German minority in Czechoslovakia, representatives of which, as noted above, met the other day in Carlsbad to hear their leader, Herr Henlein, make a series of demands, the boldest of which called for the creation of a National-Socialist regime within the German area of Czechoslovakia. Subsequently the whole subject was discussed at the Anglo-French talks in London, and it was stated on Tuesday of this week that as a result of these conversations Britain intended to offer in Berlin and Prague advice calculated to bring about a peaceful settlement. Meanwhile M. Hodza, the Czechoslovakian Premier, has been preparing what is known as the Nationality Statute, and although, at the time of writing, the exact details are not known, it is believed that wide concessions are being planned. Herr Henlein's eight points were as follows:—

(1) Full equality of status for Czechs and Germans. (2) A guarantee for this equality by the recognition of the Sudeten Germans as a legal body incorporate. (3) Determination and legal recognition of the German areas within the State. (4) Full self-government for the German areas. (5) Legal protection for every citizen living outside the area of his own nationality. (6) Removal of injustices inflicted since 1918 and reparation for the damages thereby caused. (7) Recognition of the principle: within the German area German officials. (8) Full liberty to profess German nationality and German political philosophy.

M.P.s SEE THE AIR

"Hurricane" Fighters Demonstrate the

M.P.s GET FIRST HAND INFORMATION: Air Vice-Marshal E. L. Gossage explaining to Members of Parliament details of the plans introduced for the quick dispatch of fighters to intercept

FORCE IN ACTION

"Quick Getaway" at Northolt Aerodrome

enemy raiders: a picture taken during the visit of the Parliamentary Air Committee to the R.A.F. station at Northolt. Afterwards "Hurricane" fighters gave a practical demonstration of the rapid "getaway"

FRENCH INTEREST IN THE R.A.F.: M. Pierre Beranger (wearing hat), Vice-President of the Aeronautical Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, talking to Squadron-Leader Grice during his visit to Northolt Royal Air Force station in company with members of our own Parliamentary Air Committee. M. Beranger afterwards declared in an interview his admiration for the British Air Force in which, he said, "I find the same spirit as existed in the great war." *On left* — M.P.s inspecting the gun turret of a bomber

Members of Parliament have of late been taking a keen interest in the R.A.F., being anxious to see that expansion of the force is proceeding on adequate lines and keeping pace with the strengthening of the other fighting services. On April 27 they had an opportunity of gaining useful, first-hand information in this connection when they visited Northolt Aerodrome and inspected a number of "Hurricane" fighters, "Battle" medium bombers, "Harrow" heavy bombers, and "Demon" fighters. They were particularly interested in the performance of the "Hurricanes," which gave a practical demonstration of a quick "getaway" as planned for countering unexpected raids by enemy bombers. The Northolt station, which is situated within a short distance of London, is commanded by Group-Captain A. H. Orlebar, who, it may be remembered, was captain of the victorious Schneider Trophy teams in 1929 and 1931.

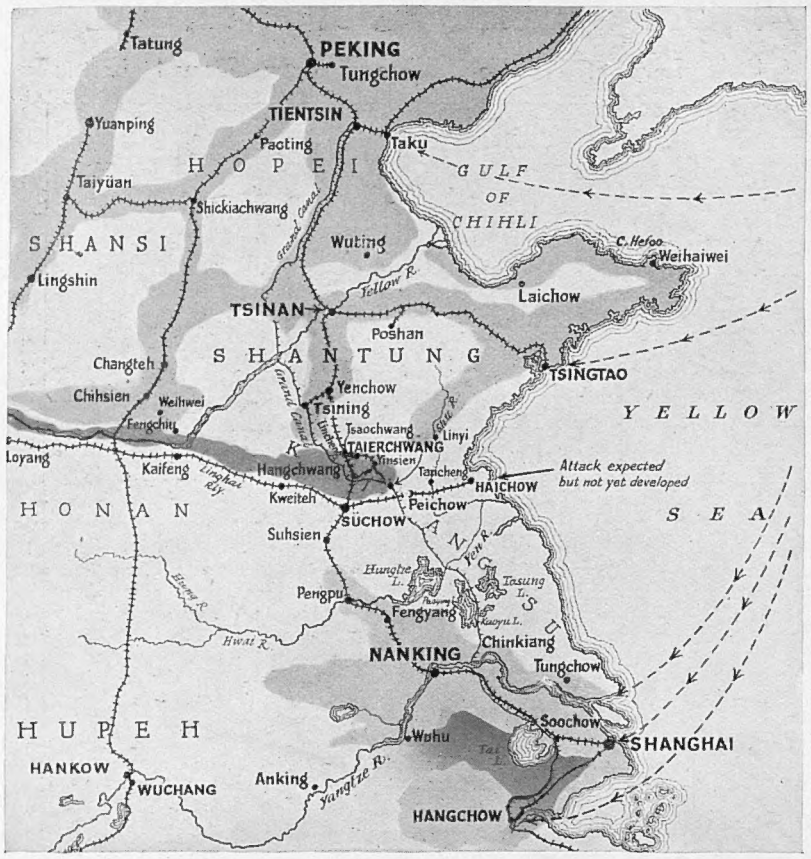
PRESTON WIN A DRAMATIC CUP "FINAL"

A Last Minute Victory Over Huddersfield Town at Wembley, When a Draw Seemed Certain

UP FOR THE CUP: A glimpse of the big crowd that thronged Whitehall to watch the guard-changing ceremony last Saturday when thousands of football fans from the north country spent the morning sight-seeing before going on to Wembley for what was perhaps the most astonishing Cup Final in the history of professional soccer. Preston, one of the League's crack teams, were playing Huddersfield and only won in the last 60 secs. of extra time

THE KING PRESENTS THE CUP to Smith, the Preston North End captain, after his team's dramatic victory in the last 60 seconds of the Cup Final at Wembley. *On left*—His Majesty shaking hands with men of Huddersfield Town

Even poor football cannot rob the Cup Final of its magic and its thrills, and none of the 90,000 or so people at Wembley last Saturday will soon forget the dramatic closing sixty seconds of the match between Preston North End and Huddersfield Town. The two teams, neither of them in good form, had played out the regulation 90 minutes and twenty-nine out of the thirty minutes of extra time. A goalless draw seemed a certainty, when suddenly Mutch, one of the Preston forwards, was fouled. The referee, adjudging the infringement to have taken place just inside the penalty area, awarded a free-kick and a few moments later the ball was in the net—Preston had won. This dramatic game was watched by the King, who as Duke of York saw the same two clubs battling out the final in 1922. On that occasion it was Huddersfield that won and, strangest of coincidences, a penalty goal decided the issue, W. H. Smith scoring from the spot after being brought down by the right back.



THE TWO MAJOR FIGHTING AREAS: The extent to which the Japanese forces have invaded certain parts of Northern China is indicated on this map by a grey tint. These areas are in many cases liable to be penetrated by irregular Chinese troops. The two main fighting zones, one fiercely contested, are indicated by a darker tone. The east to west railway area along the Yellow River appears as a narrow irregular band blocking the way to Southern and Central China. The second fighting area is situated to the south of Shanghai and nearer the coast

CHINA FACES JAPAN ON TWO BATTLE FRONTS

SINCE January five Japanese columns have been trying to reach the Lunghai Railway which separates North from Central China. Four of these columns are pressing southward through Shantung, Hopei, and Shansi. The fifth is slowly fighting its way northward from Nanking towards Suchow, junction of the Lunghai and the Tientsin–Nanking Railways.

The importance of this objective cannot be over-estimated. Possession of the Lunghai Railway would give Japan a clear road into the heart of China. Her troops could pour north from Nanking and south from Tientsin along the Tientsin—Nanking Railway to Suchow, and thence westward to Chengchow and down the Peking–Hankow Railway to Hankow, the Upper Yangtse, and South China.

Chinese fortifications in the Lunghai area are estimated to be China's strongest defence line. Begun in 1933, they contain enough concrete, says an American observer, to construct several Empire State Buildings. The Japanese seem to have under-estimated the strength of this defence. Their military spokesman asserted last January that "the extensive Chinese fortifications along the Lunghai Railway are causing us no anxiety. We confidently expect an early collapse of the right wing and then a general disintegration of the Chinese forces. The line is untenable."

There has been no collapse, but the Japanese have slowly, though with terrible losses, arrived at several points very near their objective. It is estimated that in the Taierchwang battle in mid-April Japan lost 42,000 men out of 62,000.

The Japanese propose to reach the Lunghai Railway at any point possible, or at several points. Suchow has been the main objective because three Japanese columns are converging towards this strategic centre. One of these columns is moving down the railway from Tsinan. Fierce battles have been fought and re-fought for Yenchow and Tsining. The Japanese hold them now, but Chinese continue to counter-attack, and guerilla bands harry the Japanese troops from the rear and continually cut the railway line, making the transport of war materials difficult. From Tsining the Japanese sent a line south-west towards Kweiteh, while the main force pushed on to Lincheng, paying dearly for every mile.

Meantime two other Japanese columns have been thrusting southward. By the end of 1937 Japan had already got possession of the Peking–Hankow Railway and a narrow strip on either side as far south as Changteh. A column from here recently fought its way through Chihsien, and sent a branch column to Fengchiu, hoping to reach Kaifeng. Another column branched to the west, and since March 6 Chinese and Japanese armies have faced each other across the narrow rapids at Loyang. The Japanese have continued to bomb the Lunghai Railway from Loyang to Suchow, but so far the Chinese have been able to prevent their reaching it at any point.

The fourth northern column has been moving down through Shansi from Taiyuan. The Chinese had a 20-mile defence line across this route with its centre at Lingshih. After four days battering at this defence the Japanese broke through it, but their further progress has been hampered by continuous guerilla warfare.

The main purpose of the Shansi and Peking–Hankow Railway columns is to encircle the Chinese forces fighting around Suchow, cutting off their retreat to the west. At the same time the Chinese have been carrying on an indecisive counter-campaign south-west of Shanghai.

F. E. Dean

MAY DAY IN OXFORD

The Magic of the Early Morning Celebration on the Bridge Beneath Magdalen Tower

THE May morning celebrations on the tower of Magdalen College have recently been brought to the notice of a great number of people through the medium of that new film, *A Yank at Oxford*. It is, after all, easier and more comfortable to sit in a soft seat at the Regal or the Odeon than to get out of bed in the early hours of a May morning. But without wishing to detract anything from the merits of the film it can safely be said that no artificial representation can possibly equal the real thing itself; for however unpleasant it may be to get up very early, once one is up there is no denying that the best part of a summer's day are the first few hours after dawn. There is then a freshness which can never be recaptured later in the day. There is a silence and a calm in which it is possible to appreciate the real beauties of nature before they are lost in the stench of petrol and the roar and rattle of traffic.

The truth of this statement is borne out by the numbers of people who attend yearly each May 1 on the bridge beneath Magdalen tower. A bridge thronged early that morning with undergraduates, dons, and learned professors of the university; but covered later by a constant stream of motor cars, buses, and bicycles. Was it not reported only last year that in one year more bicycles cross Magdalen bridge than any other one place in England? But in the still of this early May morning there is nothing to be seen but the expectant crowd; nothing to be heard save the low murmur of voices and an occasional splash as those who have come to watch the ceremony from the river manœuvre their punts into position . . .

Such is the scene which has been enacted every year since the end of the fifteenth century. On August 9, 1492 the building of the tower was begun. By 1505 the tower was completed and has stood since, the first to strike the eye of the traveller entering Oxford from the east, commanding a view over the bridge to the little villages of Sandford and Gassington and beyond them to the Chiltern Hills, and to the west up the High Street over a medley of spires and steeples until the eye may finally come to rest upon the massive dome of Christ Church's Tom tower.

The origin of the May morning celebrations on the tower of Magdalen is wrapt in mystery. One school of thought avers that it originated in a requiem mass for King Henry VII. This is unlikely, since May 1 was neither the day of the King's death nor of his funeral, and more probable is it that the custom began as an inauguration ceremony when the building of the tower was completed. Originally the occasion was more of a concert than anything else and one may read of "a merry concert of both vocal and instrumental music, consisting of several merry ketches and lasting about two hours."

The change from this merry party to the rather more serious celebration of the present day dates back about 200 years. At that time it happened—as it so often does—that May Day dawned wet and cold. Under such conditions there was little demand for a concert and so the organist and choir—presumably that the day, however foul, might not go altogether unnoticed—mounted to the top of the tower and sang the hymn from the college "grace"—doubtless because it was a hymn of which they knew both the words and the tune unaccompanied. Thus, in all probability, began a custom which has been faithfully followed throughout the succeeding years and which, it may be said, is as difficult to describe as it is beautiful to behold.

In the early light of the May morning the tower stands a grey guardian over the entrance to Oxford and over its own college buildings. At its foot laps the river, covered, one can dimly see, with punts and rowing-boats, while on the bridge the black mass of watchers waits. Lighter and lighter grows the day, and each small detail stands out ever more clearly. The tower top decked with spring flowers; the pigeons flying round perplexed and half-alarmed at this unaccustomed gathering, and the sparrows, as inquisitive and impudent as ever, fluttering down from some little ledge to inspect the crowd, and then hurrying home again, cheeping with indignation and surprise at what they have seen.

As one waits there in the early morning calm it is easy to imagine that time itself stands still. It is easy to see how similar everything must have looked when the streets were still cobbled and the buildings still were young; when Charles I and his cavaliers made Oxford their headquarters and the streets echoed and rang to the hooves of their horses as they rode out over the river on just such a morning as this. The river and the tower saw it all, and to-day they watch another generation and to-morrow they will still be there watching and recording, bridging the space over all time.

As the day dawns and the sky reddens to the east of the bridge there can be seen on the top of the tower the white-surpliced choir boys waiting for the moment when they shall break the stillness of the air with the music of their hymn. The first beams of the sun are casting pale reflections on the river surface, the colours of the buildings are softening in the growing light, when high above, silver, and clear, and exultant, the choir greet the dawn with a pæan of praise—"Te deum patiem colimus." Then, as the last notes die away the song of praise is taken up by the bells. Chime after chime that make tremble the tower itself as they ring out their message of yet another summer ushered in. And down below the spell is broken. In the street, in accordance with tradition, Morris dancers display their skill and prowess, while on the river people are breakfasting, cooking on little stoves in their punts so that the smell of fried eggs and bacon mingles strangely with the scents of the early morning air.

Happy to have assisted at such a sweet spectacle and regretful to tear themselves away from such a happy world as they have lived in these last 10 or 15 mins., the crowd disperses slowly to their ordinary and daily tasks. Their place is taken by a string of cyclists on their way to work, by the early morning buses, by the carts and by the barrows, and in the space of but a short time, Magdalen bridge is once again carrying its twentieth-century burden.

The wheels of time move on; but those who have risen early from their beds know now that there are some things which are the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, and they go upon their way satisfied and contented at the knowledge that they have assisted at something beautiful and something good, however garish and tawdry may be the turn of events throughout the rest of their day.

Peter Wood

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN POTSDAM: Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia (second son of the ex-Crown Prince William and grandson of the ex-Kaiser) pictured with his bride, the Grand Duchess Kyra (second daughter of the Grand Duke Cyril, head of the former Russian Imperial family) after their marriage at Cecilienhof Castle. The bride wore the same gown as her grandmother wore at her marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh in 1874

THE KING AT NEWMARKET

The Royal Visit in "Guineas Week"

King George out riding with his sister, the Princess Royal, during his visit to Newmarket last week when he saw the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, the first classic of the 1938 season

PASCH WINS THE "TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS": *Left*—Mr. H. E. Morriss' colt by Blandford—Pasca (Gordon Richards up) being led in after winning the first classic of the season, a remarkable achievement considering it was only his second appearance on a racecourse. *Right*—Pasch leading with Unbreakable and Mirza II in close attendance after the field had passed the Bushes. The winner made all the running, never being seriously challenged, and as a result of this easy victory immediately became a hot favourite for the Derby at odds of 5–2 against

WAR'S DESOLATING HAND: A scene in North Shanghai where the work of clearance and reconstruction has not yet begun. It may be years before normality is restored

BUOYANT SHANGHAI

War Scarred Though She is and Though the Tide of Life has yet Fully to Return, the People's Spirit Remains Undaunted

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

FROM beneath gaunt ruins that still encircle the International Settlement in a flame-seared blackened framework, through the depressing atmosphere of death, destruction, epidemics, bankruptcies, stagnation, and agonies suffered by no other city since the world war, except in lesser degree by Madrid, Shanghai is pondering her destiny.

The battles in the North, the success of China's armies on the Lunghai and Peiping-Hankow Railways, the check to the soldiers of the "Emperor of the East," has brought pride and optimism to Chinese circles, but has created no illusion among the majority of the foreign element of the forty-odd nationalities in Shanghai. Even well-informed Chinese, especially those in big business and in finance, are not deceived by what they fear are too optimistic, too confident communiqués and official reports from the National Government at Hankow.

As with British Hong Kong, so here in Shanghai, I find the streets filled with thousands of Chinese young men capable of bearing arms, but I hear of none volunteering to fight the invader. Nor did I hear of any in Hong Kong, where no barriers exist to prevent them from going to Canton or just outside the borders of the British colony to enlist. Nineteen volunteers from among more than 1,000,000 Chinese in Singapore and in the Malay States have arrived in Canton to fight for China.

The fuss that was made in the Chinese press about those nineteen volunteers, the praise for their patriotism and fighting spirit, might have made you believe that this little band could, and would drive the Japanese into the sea. It revealed all too clearly how rare are such volunteers.

Linked with the question of the destiny of China is, for British, Americans, French, Germans, Italians and other foreigners, the equally or still more fateful one—whither Shanghai?

All that Shanghai has again suffered—its "twelfth war" in thirty or thirty-five years, I was told—has not killed the magnificent spirit, enterprise, energy, or the hope, faith, and confidence of foreigners and Chinese alike, in this great 3,000,000 metropolis of the Far East. The material losses are enormous. No one knows even approximately what they may be. They are variously estimated at anything from 350,000,000 U.S. dollars to 1,000,000,000 U.S. dollars (£70,000,000 to £200,000,000). The destruction of 900 to 1,000 factories, big and little, has for the time being paralysed a large part of China industrially. Shanghai controlled 59 per cent. of China's foreign trade. This has dropped since August to 25 or 26 per cent. Much of it has gone to Hong Kong.

Geographically, Shanghai is the central gateway and the "key" to China. Located near the confluence of the Yangtse and Whangpoo rivers, it is largely in this geographical position that business and finance, export and import in Shanghai place their unshakable faith. "Shanghai the Imperishable," they call this city.

The eclipse by British Hong Kong, where the Chinese "Big Four" banks have moved their headquarters, where the rich Chinese and political leaders have fled for safety, where many of the old commercial houses of Shanghai are opening branches, and over which is flowing a tide of prosperity for landlords, hotels, shops and places of amusement, is confidently believed to be temporary. "They cannot move the Yangtse" you are told here in Shanghai, as your attention is called to the fact that the Yangtse drains a basin populated by 180,000,000—four times the population of the United Kingdom, and almost 50 per cent. more than live in the forty-eight States of the United States of America.

Shanghai is slowly, very slowly but surely, emerging from its mental stupor and its business paralysis. Already you hear "Let's forget those awful days of bombing and shelling," and "Let's think of the future." Said an English woman who has lived here twenty-five years "The Japanese cannot kill Shanghai. It is not in their interest to do so, even if they could. They know that. We have all sustained dreadful losses in business, but I am not worried about the future of Shanghai." Magnificent spirit.

It is difficult to forget those "awful days and nights" with the débris and ruins of nearly 100,000 houses, buildings and shops staring at you like ghosts of the past wherever you cross the border of the International Settlement, or the very-much-in-favour with Americans, Europeans, and Chinese alike—French Concession. Here the French, as in Indo-China, have exercised a diplomacy all their own, unequalled by the British and Americans.

Rents in the French Concession are in many cases 50 per cent. higher than in the International Settlement, because of the demand there for apartments, shops and houses. It struck me as being more than just curious that not only Chinese, but even Americans and Europeans profess to feel safer with the French than under the jointly administered British–American–Japanese–Chinese section of Shanghai.

The fear and alarm that the Japanese would take over all Shanghai including the International Settlement and French Concession has dissipated. The Japanese dropped their demand for greater representation on the Municipal Council. They have only two members; America two; Britain and China each five. As the Chinese almost invariably vote with the British and Americans, the Japanese are usually in the minority. One foreign Consul-General, discussing this question, remarked to me that in view of the larger number of their nationals, the Japanese demand for greater representation on the Municipal Council "has some merit" in it.

Whatever the attitude of Japan's military forces here, and elsewhere in China, and it has often been such as to make Tokyo many difficulties in foreign relations, the sensible Japanese are realising more and more that Shanghai needs the enterprising, energetic, driving British, Americans and other foreign nationals, at least for a period of years yet.

It is becoming quite obvious here in Shanghai, in Hong Kong, in Tientsin and in Peking, that the Japanese have made serious miscalculations, have overstrained themselves, and do not possess the economic and financial resources to carry their conquest of Chinese territory to an end.

Consul-General Okomoto, who has now been transferred to London, quite frankly admitted to me that the "task has proved bigger than we expected."

After three weeks in Shanghai, and talking with many British, Americans, Germans, Dutch, Japanese and Chinese, I do not share the views or opinions cabled abroad by some newspaper correspondents that "Shanghai is finished," and "Foreign interests are done for."

Life, even a touch of gaiety, artificial or born of a measure of desperation, is returning. Sunday afternoon tea-dances offer a panorama of the latest in Chinese ladies' fashions, the grill-rooms of the Cathay and Park Hotels are the scenes of smart luncheon and dinner parties, and every day the private homes of Shanghai buzz with gossip and laughter over bridge and cocktail parties. Night life, for which Shanghai has always enjoyed a certain notoriety, is rising from the ashes.

When I first arrived I had to have a "Curfew pass" to be out on the streets after eleven. Now curfew has been extended to 12.30 a.m., so the night-clubs and dance halls are doing good business again. The cinemas and theatres are once again crowded and the after-theatre supper-and-dance-hour revived.

Driving back to the hotel after a late party, past the deserted shops and houses on the Nanking Road which give it a peculiarly tragic and forlorn air, because it was formerly so gay and sparkling, I wondered what it would really take to break Shanghai's irrepressible spirit. The local newspapers carry ever-increasing numbers of night-club, dance-hall, tea-dance and theatre advertisements, and a stranger, who had not known the settlements before, might take them now to be fairly normal were it not for the thousands of refugees flooding the streets.

In spite of the 300 refugee camps in and around Greater Shanghai, containing not far from a quarter of a million Chinese, there are still legions of them at a loose end, living, sleeping and starving in the narrow alleys. The Shanghai municipality have had to employ about three times as many street cleaners to cope with the refuse they strew in their wake, while the lack of sanitation is a serious menace to public health. It is heart-breaking to see them, and except in the main streets in daylight, not advisable for a European woman, at least, to walk on the streets.

The municipality is faced with the same problem that Moscow had to tackle a few years ago—hordes of starving youngsters, banding together to snatch and steal what they can, becoming bolder and more daring as necessity presses them on.

SIESTA: A rickshaw man enjoying a nap near the Garden Bridge, Shanghai. To-day British guards are on duty at the Settlement end of the bridge and Japanese guards are at the Hongkew end. Many Chinese are afraid to cross, fearing the Japanese soldiery

There is also still much fear from Japanese soldiery who have not lived up to the world's belief in implicit obedience and rigid discipline in the Imperial Army of the Emperor of Japan. They themselves have here in Shanghai and in Nanking dealt a blow to the prestige, dignity, and honour of Imperial Japan from which it will not soon recover.

When I wanted to drive over the bridge across Soochow Creek to call on the Japanese Consul-General my Chinese taxi-driver indulged in a "stand-still strike." The bridge is guarded by the British at the Settlement end and by Japanese at the Hongkew end. "I go home" was all he would say. In vain I showed him my official pass (I carried a walletful of passes in China). "Taxi no go more." The promise of a liberal tip would not move him. "Me no go. Me afraid." I had to get out and walk across past the Japanese sentries myself.

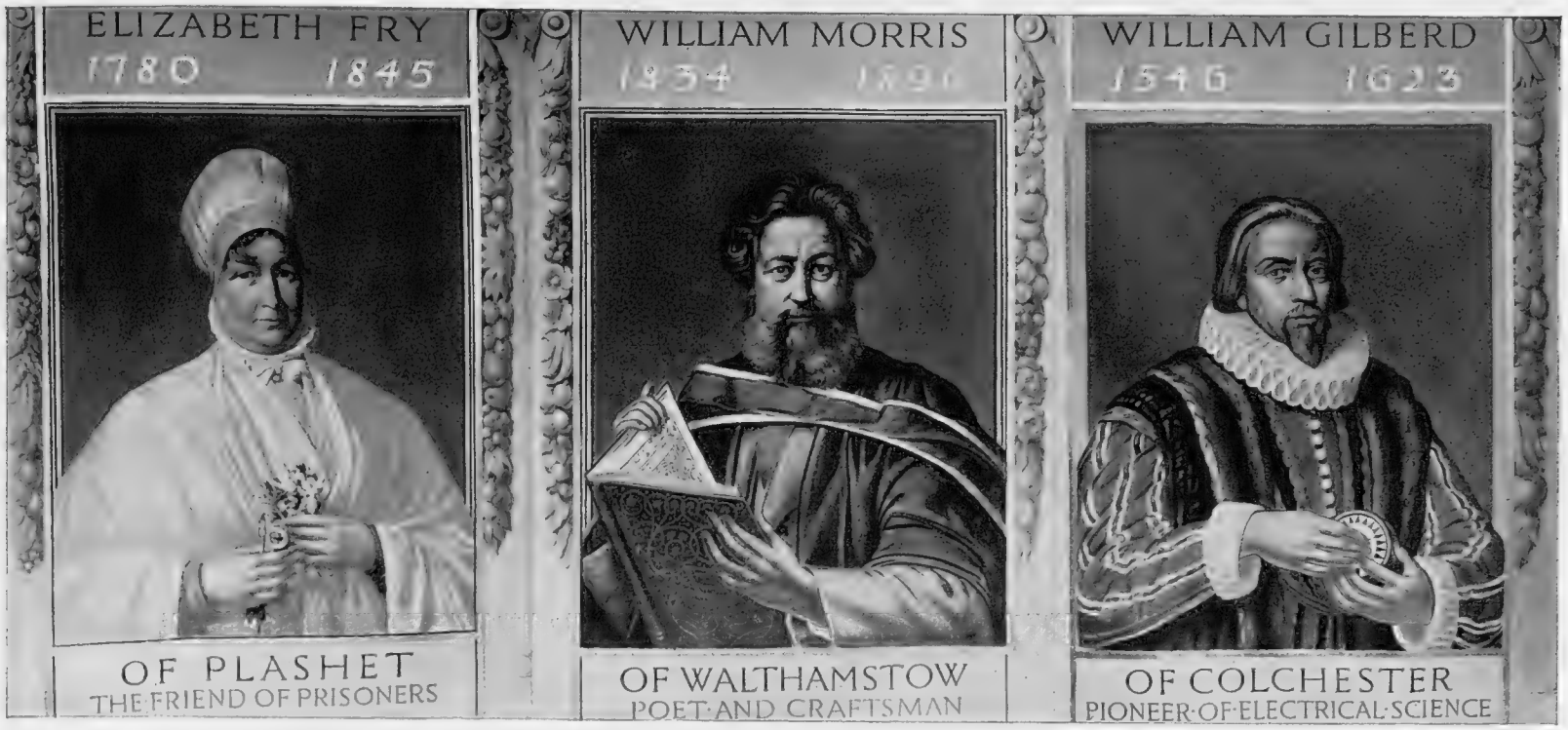
Members of the foreign Consular corps and of the Municipal Council expressed to me great uneasiness

(*Continued on page* 264

A FIRM STAND: American marines inspecting a Japanese lorry on the boundary of the U.S. sector of the International Settlement. They allow no armed Japanese to pass

ESSEX HONOURS GREAT NAMES IN HER HISTORY

A Royal Academician at Work on a Series of Portrait Panels which are to Adorn the County Hall, Chelmsford



PENOLOGIST, POET, AND PIONEER: These three portrait panels form part of the series now being completed in his London studio by Henry Rushbury, R.A., and they will eventually adorn the new County Hall at Chelmsford. Each depicts some distinguished personage born within the borders of Essex, and below each panel is given the place of birth. As the greatest prison reformer of her age, Elizabeth Fry, who hailed from Plashet, has an obvious place in this gallery of the great, while equally clear are the claims of William Morris, the man who carried the principles of pre-Raphaelitism into the social and practical channels of the decorative arts. William Gilberd, a pioneer of electrical science, achieved only minor fame, but none the less stands high in the annals of his native county

THE ARTIST AT WORK: Henry Rushbury, R.A., engaged on one of his panels in his London studio. Apart from his talent as an artist it was fitting that he should be chosen for this task of depicting Essex worthies, as his country home, Lower House Farm, Stoke-by-Nayland, lies just on the Essex-Suffolk border. He was elected an R.A. two years ago

On left—
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE is represented by Lord Rayleigh, upon the portrait of whom Mr. Rushbury is seen at work, painting in the details of an academic gown. Lord Rayleigh achieved fame by his study of the atomic weights of gases, and his researches resulted in the discovery that the atmosphere contained several gases unknown until his time

On right—
WORKING FROM A MODEL: Another impression of Mr. Rushbury in his studio

Special "Sphere" Pictures by William Davis

GERMANY'S FORMIDABLE AIR FORCE: Some of the Latest Bomber and Fighter Types Pictured

A MONSTER OF THE "LUFTWAFFE": This Dornier twin-engined machine is one of Germany's latest and largest bombers and is capable of a speed of 220 m.p.h. when travelling with load. It is designed for long-range work, but no precise details are available regarding its capabilities in this direction

THE HEINKEL HEAVY BOMBER is another new type of machine that has found favour with Field-Marshal Göring, the Air Minister, and his advisers who regard the bomber as the most potent of aerial weapons. The Reich, it is reckoned, has at present between 1,500 and 1,800 bombers

A TRIO IN FORMATION: Typical fighting planes of the *Luftwaffe* which in a few years has become one of Europe's most formidable air forces. Quite apart from the number of machines

A GIANT AT REST: Another view of the new Dornier bomber, giving a good impression of its size and the method by which the great pneumatic-tyred wheels retract into the bases of the right and left engine nacelles. Germany is concentrating on bombers, 50 or 60 per cent. of her air force consisting of machines of this type

built, it has also to be considered that the Reich aircraft industry is now so thoroughly organised that at short notice it could accelerate output to meet all needs

THE growth of the German Air Force or *Luftwaffe* from practically a negligible quantity to the power of its present equipment and organisation has been an astonishing achievement. Its strength in first line aircraft is widely assumed to be well over 3,000. The *Luftwaffe*, under the command of Field-Marshal Göring, is organised into flying units, each of which is divided into *Geschwader* which correspond with regiments in the British Army. The *Geschwader* are sub-divided into *Gruppen*, or Wings, and these into *Staffeln*, corresponding to our Squadrons, and *Ketten*, corresponding to our Flight. Besides the flying units, there also come within the organisation of the *Luftwaffe* anti-aircraft units and various training schools

On right—IN THE REAR TURRET of a German bomber. This machine-gun is evidently very compact; the sighting apparatus is clearly shown

EPITOME OF THE FORMIDABLE: These Junkers 52 bombers are as menacing as any in the Reich Air Force and during the past few months, it is reliably reported, machines of the same type have been used by General Franco for his attacks on Barcelona, Valencia, and other cities of Government-held Spain

A MONARCH OF THE SKIES TAKES SHAPE: An engineer at work on the front landing wheel of the DC-4, America's largest commercial land plane, which, when these pictures were made, was nearing completion at the Santa Monica (California) works of the Douglas Aircraft Company. The mighty machine is designed to carry forty-two passengers by day and thirty in berths at night, while there is accommodation for 3½ tons of mail and baggage. The cruising speed will be between 200 and 240 m.p.h., and the range well over 2,000 miles. Anti-bump tricycle landing gear is being employed

BIRTH *of the* DC-4

America's Largest Commercial Land Plane Under Construction at Santa Monica, and Other U.S. Flying News

FLORIDA'S AERIAL JUNCTION: The Pan-American airport at Miami, with its hangars, control station, and anchorage is one of the most up to date in the United States. More than 50,000 passengers, going to and coming from South and Central American countries, usually "clear" the port each year

AMERICA'S largest and finest commercial air transport, the Douglas DC-4 super airliner, is, at the time of writing, rapidly nearing completion at the huge Douglas plant in Santa Monica, California.

Engineered and built to the order of the "Big Five"—the five largest airlines in the United States—the ship is a forty-two passenger, four-motored monoplane, with a gross weight of 65,000 lb. The latest developments in aeronautical science, and every lesson and experience gained by commercial air transport operators in America and the rest of the world, have been incorporated into this giant of the skies.

Production models of the DC-4 will have "substratosphere cabins" in which lower-level altitude atmospheric pressures will be maintained for the comfort of the passengers, while the plane itself is operated at greater efficiency and safety, thousands of feet above the highest obstruction.

Contract for the construction of this plane was dated March 23, 1936. Parties to this contract were Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc., and United Air Lines Transport Corporation, Trans-Continental and Western Air, Inc., American Airlines, Inc., Pan American Aviation Supply Corporation, and North American Aviation, Inc.

The cost of the DC-4 development to date of completion will be approximately 1,500,000 dollars or £300,000. While the size, appointments, and performance of this super skyliner make it the outstanding airplane of the world's skyways, the manner in which the ship was designed and built and the construction problems encountered and solved in its creation, are in themselves a dramatic, inspiring story.

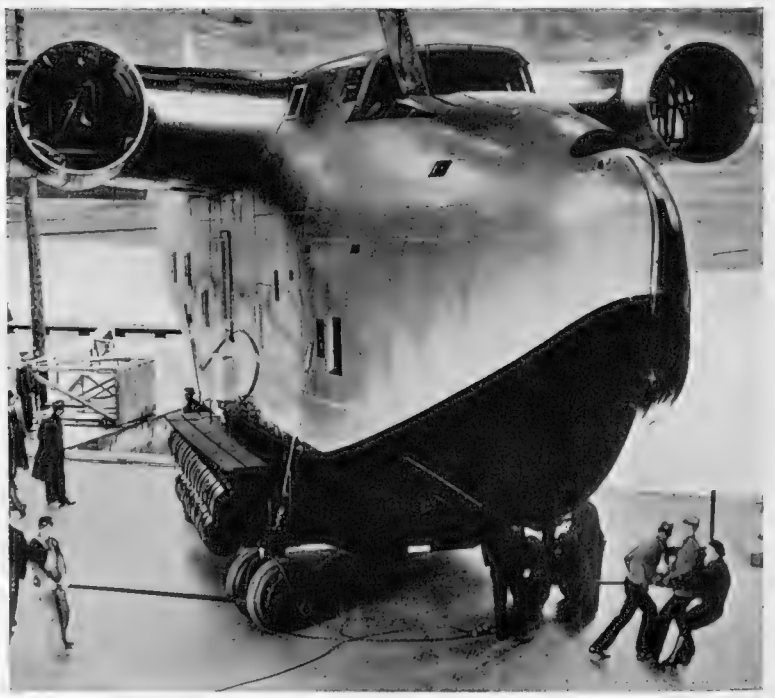
More than 500,000 engineering hours have gone into construction of the DC-4.

Its four air-cooled motors will supply 5,600 h.p. for the take-off, more by 1,000 h.p. than is required by the finest stream-lined locomotives in transcontinental service. With this abundance of power, the plane will have a cruising range of 2,200 miles, a high speed at most efficient altitude of nearly 4 miles a minute, and an absolute ceiling of 24,000 ft.

The most novel departure is the "tricycle" landing gear of the DC-4. This gear will permit a much smoother and safer landing of aircraft of this size, as well as provide additional comfort for passengers, by taking off and landing in a horizontal position.

THE GIANT FUSELAGE OF THE DC-4, America's largest commercial land plane, pictured in the Douglas works at Santa Monica before the 139 ft. wing span, shown in the background, was craned into position. The machine is costing just about £300,000

READY FOR THE FINISHING TOUCHES: The Douglas DC-4 with its main wing span fitted and the four air-cooled motors, supplying 5,600 h.p. for the take-off, mounted in their nacelles. More than 500,000 engineering hours have gone into the construction



FOR THE TRANSATLANTIC AIR SERVICE: The hull of the first of a new series of six Pan-American Airways Clippers being moved from the construction hangar in the Boeing factory at Seattle prior to completion in an outer dock. She has two decks and will have accommodation for 72 passengers

MAORI AND PAKEHA FORGATHER: Members of the official governmental party, headed by the Governor General of New Zealand, H.E. Lord Galway, dining in the new home of Koroki, the Maori King, after it had been opened by Lord Galway

A FOCAL POINT OF NATIVE LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND: The picturesque new home of Koroki, King of the Maoris, which was opened last month by Lord Galway at Ngaruawahia and thus fulfilled a seventy-year-old prophecy that one day a chief of New Zealand's native race would once again have his palace at this historic spot. Prior to the ceremony the Governor-General presented Princess Te Puea with the C.B.E. conferred on her by the King in the last Birthday Honours List

VICE-REGAL ESCORT: Maori warriors, in their picturesque, traditional costumes, manned these great canoes in one of which Lord Galway journeyed down the Waikato river to Ngaruawahia prior to the opening of the Maori King's new house

IN FULL WAR PAINT: Maori warriors at the prow of the great canoe in which they took Lord Galway down the Waikato river. Thirty-eight men worked the paddles

LORD GALWAY WITH THE MAORIS

New Zealand's Governor-General Journeys Down the Waikato by Canoe to Open the Maori King's New Home

ECHOES OF QUETTA'S EARTHQUAKE

Rebuilding the Town, and a New Theory Regarding the Disaster

THE TASK OF RECONSTRUCTION continues apace in Quetta, the garrison town of Baluchistan, which in July, 1935, was devastated by a calamitous earthquake, razing many large buildings to the ground and causing serious loss of life. New buildings such as this are being put up, and it is hoped that they will prove earthquake proof. Reinforced concrete is being very largely used in the work

THE BRITISH GARRISON'S ARMOURY is another new Quetta building of reinforced concrete, and designed to be proof against a repetition of the 1935 disaster

IT was almost three years ago that the garrison town of Quetta, Baluchistan, was involved in a tremendous earthquake, much of the town being razed to the ground, and since then the work of reconstruction has been proceeding steadily, as witness the three pictures reproduced herewith showing some of the earthquake-proof structures that have been set up.

At the same time we print a letter touching on the subject which has just come to hand from Mr. B. Wrenick, of Walton-on-Thames, who advances an interesting theory with regard to the disaster.

"*Quetta*," he says, "*stands at an elevation of approximately 5,000 ft. Just behind Quetta within a few miles the hills rise to a height of 11,000 ft. Here in winter the snow collects, and the water from the melted snows gradually, through percolation, finds its way down to the level of the Quetta plains. Now from time immemorial these waters have been drained off from the foot hills by means of underground tunnels bored by the local inhabitants, but since the advent of the British in Quetta numerous artesian wells have been sunk in the Civil Station drawing off large quantities of this valuable fluid. Now it is a remarkable coincidence that during the Quetta earthquake people who were living at the Staff College about four miles away barely felt the 'quake, some people actually slept through it. Had this earthquake been due to some fault in the geological strata it is hardly conceivable that the quake would not have been felt four miles away. To me it seems much more plausible that owing to the water having been drawn off from the subsoil under the Civil Station the surface of the ground suddenly flopped in over that area where the underground water pressure had been removed. For the volume of water in the artesian wells had been considerably reduced in recent years. This explanation would probably account for the extraordinarily local character of the earthquake. I am not an authority on geology or seismatics and so should be glad to hear what the authorities may have to say regarding my explanation.*"

BARRACKS FOR INDIAN TROOPS built in Quetta to replace those destroyed in 1935

BLIZZARD: This was the scene in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 6 when the city was caught in the grip of the heaviest snow storm that has ever occurred in this part of America so late in the year, the snow attaining a depth of 7·3 ins.

MAROONED: Cars caught in a snowdrift on the main road between Joliet, Illinois, and Chicago after the April blizzard which swept across the city and the surrounding country. Thousands of motorists were similarly involved and snowploughs had to work day and night to keep the roads clear

LANDSLIDE: A fall of rock caused by recent heavy rains in Pennsylvania resulted in the derailment of this train near Easton, the engine falling on one side of the track and the wagons crashing down to the verge of the swollen Delaware

TORNADO: The top floor was ripped from this school building at Columbus, Kansas, during the great storm which broke over the town last month. Nine people lost their lives

FLOODS: Relief workers engaged in building a temporary track for cars in the town of Prattville, Alabama, where floods, following recent heavy rains, have caused much damage to property and temporarily sent many of the inhabitants, whose homes were awash, to seek sanctuary on higher ground

AIR DISASTER: Surveying the tangled wreckage of the plane which crashed the other day while leaving Reno, Nevada, taking the fifty-year-old pilot to death: only one of the air tragedies which have of late been so numerous in the United States

AMERICA'S CHAPTER of ACCIDENTS

How April, the Month of Budding Leaves, Arrived on the Wings of an Unprecedented Blizzard and Completed the Chain of Trouble and Catastrophe

FOR more than four years the United States has been the victim of extraordinary catastrophes. Floods of major proportions, droughts of nation-wide extent, grasshopper plagues that brought insects by the billion, cyclones and tornadoes, labour disturbances that have amounted to civil war and open rebellion, both in great metropolitan centres and over wide areas of country, waves of especially horrific and revolting crimes, and series of aeroplane accidents that have become so numerous at times as to seem epidemic.

Just to prove that anything can happen, and that chance and nature had not exhausted their bag of tricks, April, which, for the United States, is mainly a month of budding leaves and flowers, arrived on the wings of an unprecedented blizzard.

Both Wichita Falls and Dallas, Texas, for example, experienced the first April snowfalls in their history. In many other cities, as in Chicago, where 15 ins. of snow fell in three days, new all-time records for April were set.

It was not enough that Los Angeles had just experienced the worst flood in its history. Or that tornadoes had but recently laid waste farms, destroyed houses, and killed people in five middle western States. Or that appalling plane wrecks had occurred in Idaho, California, and American Samoa. With the beginning of April, there was an almost incredible snowfall from the lofty Rockies of Colorado to the marshy reaches of the Atlantic seaboard.

Transportation was disrupted. Communications were broken down. It was impossible to broadcast, even from some of the most powerful and best equipped eastern radio stations.

Paralleling the blizzard in the north, a series of tornadoes struck in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, and Oklahoma. The tornadoes were accompanied by violent rains with consequent floods of serious magnitude. It is estimated that from 50 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the fruit crop in the stricken States has been destroyed. The heaviest snowfall was in South Dakota, where 17 inches fell at Wessington Springs and 12 inches at Huron and Chamberlain. At least forty-one people have been killed, and at least sixty are missing. These are verified figures, and represent a minimum for the loss of or injury to human life. What the final totals will prove to be it is impossible to tell, because, in so much of the country, snow is so deep, and weather conditions are so bad that search is either impossible or exceedingly difficult.

It is known that at least 100 motorists were lost in the storm in the Texas Panhandle. Some of these, but not all, have been rescued. Of the forty-one dead, eight were asphyxiated in their home near Pampa, Texas. The family had almost sealed the apertures about doors and windows of their little farmhouse. Drifting snow outside finished the task. Gas fumes within the house found no outlet. The family died while it slept. The victims were found by a rescue party that had tumbled its way through deep drifts to the house in an effort to bring food to the snowbound home.

Thirteen people died in the flood at Whitestone, Georgia, and ten perished in the tornado at Aliceville, Alabama.

One of the harrowing experiences of the storm was due to the fact that it trapped so many schoolchildren. Many of these were located and rescued. But the whereabouts and the fate of many more remained unknown for days.

At least 500 children in rural schools were marooned in Cottle County, Texas, alone. A total of 40 children were forced to spend the night in the rural school near Plainview, Texas. The city of Amarillo, Texas, was caring for 400 schoolchildren from rural districts who could not possibly reach their homes. A bus carrying 30 schoolchildren was lost north-east of Pampa, Texas; but it was reported later that 20 of the children had reached safety. Rescue parties went in search of two other buses carrying about 100 children.

It was estimated that as much as 85 per cent. of the Panhandle winter wheat crop, the finest in years, had been ruined.

A blinding blizzard swept over practically the whole of the State of Oklahoma. From thirty to forty motor cars were rescued from snow drifts on the United States highway between Weatherford, Okla., and the Texas State line.

In both South Dakota and Iowa, the condition of the roads forced the closing of all rural schools. In Iowa alone, ice and sleet broke down between 1,000 and 3,000 miles of telephone and telegraph wires. In Nebraska, hundreds of telephone, telegraph, and light poles were thrown down. Many communities were without either light or power.

Then, 14 ins. of snow fell at Landor, Wyoming; 10 ins. at Charles City, Iowa; and 6 ins. at Toledo, Ohio, where the record for an April snowfall for the past fifty years was broken.

Damage caused by the storm in the State of Ohio alone was in excess of 1,000,000 dollars.

Airplanes were grounded in Cleveland, Ohio, Chicago, and Des Moines, Iowa. In Connecticut the thermometer dropped to 24 deg., an all-time April record for that State. A low of 25 deg. in Boston broke a fifty-one-year record. Binghamton, New York, broke a forty-eight-year record with a low of 19.1.

In Idaho the snow was accompanied by a dust storm. At Boise City visibility was reduced to almost zero. At Goodwell it was reduced to 100 yards.

Terror spread rapidly at Mount Vernon, Alabama, 30 miles north of the port of Mobile, when a severe squall, accompanied by violent thunder, wrecked the buildings of a hospital for mentally deficient negroes. None of the 1,650 inmates, however, was hurt.

Throughout the south rivers were on the rampage, particularly the St. Francis and the Red Rivers.

Citrus crops from Texas to Florida could not hope to escape severe damage. White River and the Wabash River were nearing flood stage in Indiana, and the Mississippi was flooding at Quincy, Illinois.

Even the fruit crop of southern New Mexico has been practically destroyed. The blow was struck when the region experienced its coldest day of 1938 on April 6, when the thermometer fell to 21 deg. The cold was the more devastating because, in this region where really cold weather is practically unknown, the fruit trees were laden with blossoms before the end of February; and the warmest of spring weather had continued unbroken throughout the month of March.

Nelson Springer

PARIS SEES SCULPTURAL GEMS: *(Above on left)*—One of the five late-thirteenth-century statues from the façade of the Maison des Musiciens, Rheims, and *(above on right)* a twelfth-century figure of the Virgin Mary in stone from Rheims Cathedral, both of which are now on view in the Musée de L'Orangerie, Paris, at an exhibition entirely devoted to art treasures belonging to the famous cathedral city of the Marne. The exhibition closes in time for the statues to be returned to their original sites before the opening in July of the special festivities to be held in connection with the rebuilding of the cathedral, the restoration of which, following the damage done in the great war, has now been brought to a successful conclusion

RHEIMS TREASURES in a PARIS EXHIBITION

Rich Sculpture From the Coronation City of the French Kings

On left and right—DESPITE THE LOSS OF CERTAIN VITAL FRAGMENTS, these two statues, depicting young musicians and forming part of a series adorning the façade of the Maison des Musiciens, Rheims, have aroused much artistic interest in Paris, where they have been on exhibition, together with other treasures from the old cathedral city. At the beginning of the great war they were placed for safe-keeping in the basement of a house, and by good fortune escaped damage in the terrible bombardments that ensued. A shell actually hit the house in which they were stored. The exhibition also includes paintings by Holbein and a number of objects relating to the French coronation ceremony

ROYAL ACADEMY

"A YOUNG ARTIST"

By Harold Harvey

"MRS. HENRY TIARKS"

By Gerald Brockhurst, R.A. Elect

"MRS. CHARLES GRAVES"

By Gerald Brockhurst, R.A. Elect

"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER": One of Anna Zinkeisen's three Academy pictures, all of which were sold at the private view

On left—

"SELF PORTRAIT"

By M. Bruford

More Pictures from the Summer Show

"MRS. STERN"

By Doris Zinkeisen

"MRS. ALBERT D. MILLER"

By Sir John Lavery, R.A.

"PICKWICK ILLUSTRATED": A pleasingly presented domestic composition by that able veteran artist, Charles Spencelayh

On right—

"A DANISH PASTOR"

By A. C. Tatham

"LT.-COL. WILMOT VAUGHAN"

By Philip Connard, R.A.

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The Mayor of Oxford and the Vice-Chancellor of the University are pictured above as they walked in procession and (*above on right*) as they met, together with colleagues, in the painted room in Cornmarket Street, Oxford, in commemoration of Shakespeare's birthday. The room once formed part of the Crown Tavern and it is known the poet slept there. The proprietor was John Davenant, a great friend of Shakespeare's and the father of Sir William Davenant, to whom Shakespeare was godfather. In a short speech the Vice-Chancellor paid tribute to the wonderful manner in which the room was preserved. On the left of the middle row of the group is Mr. E. W. Attwood, who made the discovery of the room's antecedents

When Shakespeare was at Oxford

BRITAIN AND THE REFUGEE:

The Present Influx of Foreigners Recalls the Days when Huguenots and Flemings Flocked to these Shores

Britain, it seems, has always been a sanctuary for the refugee and just at this moment the influx of foreigners, largely due to racial and political persecution, is so formidable that it is seriously exercising the attention of the Government. In this connection, therefore, it is of interest to discover how England absorbed refugees in the past, and in the following article a correspondent describes the way in which the Flemings and Huguenots settled here in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They met with opposition in some quarters but, in the long run, it is evident, proved a very potent factor in our industrial awakening.

ONCE A HUGUENOT REFUGEE CHURCH, NOW A CONGREGATIONALIST CHAPEL: This building was set up in the Leicester Square district in 1693, eight years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes which brought misery to the French Protestants, forcing many of them to seek refuge in England. They quickly established themselves here and at the same time gave the country a new era of prosperity

REFUGEES from other countries, fleeing from either religious or political persecution, have been a marked feature of our national history ever since the days of the Reformation. The three largest influxes were the Flemings, escaping from the Spanish cruelty under Philip II of Spain; the Huguenots from France after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; and the second flight of the Huguenots after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, which was the greatest of the three.

The trials of these Huguenot refugees in their attempts to escape from France have been forcibly told by Dr. Samuel Smiles in his "Huguenots in England and Ireland" where he describes the flight of rich and poor, old and young, mothers with infants, and gentlefolk unused to privation and hardship, as they struggled along the roads towards the waiting ship on the coast.

"Some bought their way across the frontier; others fought their way. They went in all sorts of disguises; some as pedlars, others as soldiers, huntsmen, valets, and beggars. Some, to disarm suspicion, even pretended to sell chaplets and rosaries. The Huguenots conducted the emigration on a regular system. They had itineraries prepared and secretly distributed, in which the safest routes and hiding-places were described in detail—a sort of 'underground railroad,' such as existed in the United States before the abolition of slavery. Many escaped through the great forest of Ardennes into Luxemburg; others through the Vosges mountains into Germany; and others through the passes of the Jura into Switzerland. Some were shot by the soldiers and peasantry; a still greater number were sent to the galleys; yet many thousands of them nevertheless continued to make their escape."

The Edict of Nantes, promulgated by Henri Quatre in 1598, had secured religious toleration for the Huguenots for nearly ninety years. The revocation of the famous Edict in 1685 by Louis XIV brought misery and desperation to the Huguenots, who were forced to leave their much-beloved land or else renounce their faith. It also brought, quite to the surprise of King Louis, much misfortune to France, who lost nearly 50,000 of her most industrious subjects. The city of Lyons lost the greater number of its silk workers, immediately reducing the prosperity of the town, which did not recover for nearly a century.

England, who welcomed the exiles, benefited enormously. "The hunted exiles," says Dr. Smiles, "were thenceforward free to worship and to labour in peace; and the beneficent effects of the addition of so many skilled, industrious and free-minded men to our population are felt in England to this day." These Flemings and Huguenots were the best type of immigrants, men of good character, hardworking, intelligent, sober folk, skilled in arts little known in England. They soon set up their looms and workshops, not merely keeping themselves, but teaching the English how to make cloth and silk goods, to work in steel and iron, to manufacture tapestry, the science of gardening and many other arts.

It was by no means easy to absorb so many new arrivals, nearly all of them destitute, but they were dispersed over the country, chiefly in Kent, East Anglia, round about Southampton and London. Many towns owed their prosperity to the newcomers. Sandwich, for instance, which had lost its trade through the silting up of the harbour, became a thriving town when the Flemish weavers set up their looms. At Norwich the Flemings raised the city to importance by their manufacturing skill. All over England the refugees had brought about a thriving prosperity.

But they had also aroused jealousy among the English workmen. One reads of riots in London and elsewhere against the foreigners. So truculent were the men of Norwich that the Flemings left for more peaceable towns in Yorkshire or crossed over to Holland, with sad results for Norwich, where the lack of the special skill of the abused foreigner soon brought about a falling off in trade. This was so marked that the mayor and citizens begged for a new settlement of foreign workmen! Queen Elizabeth soundly rated the citizens for their jealousy and shortsightedness, reminding them of all the good fortune they owed to the skill of the foreigners. She herself remained a steadfast friend of the Protestant refugees.

Once settled in England the refugees requested places where they could worship together in their own tongue, a permission which was readily granted. The Huguenots in Canterbury were given the use of the undercroft of the Cathedral, once possessing the rich chapel of Our Lady, with its statue of pure gold under a jewelled canopy, but since the Reformation, and the robbery of the precious ornaments by Henry VIII, left bare and desolate. The undercroft was soon busily occupied, part being reserved for a chapel, another as a school, and the rest as a workshop. Marks of the places where their looms stood can still be seen, French inscriptions still remain on the walls, and a French service continues to be held, though no French-speaking citizens remain in Canterbury.

There were many French churches scattered about the towns of England and a considerable number in London. The one in Threadneedle Street was the oldest. But as time went on the congregations gradually grew less and less, the reason for which Dr. Smiles explains in the following passage.

"Year by year the foreign churches declined, even when they were fed by fresh immigrations from abroad. It was in the very nature of things that the rising generation should fall away from them, and desire to become completely identified with the nation which had admitted them to citizenship. Hence the growing defections in country places, as well as in the towns and cities, where the refugees had settled; and hence the growing complaints of the falling off in the numbers of their congregations which we find in the sermons and addresses of the refugee pastors.

"But there were other causes besides these to account for the decadence of the refugee churches. Nature itself was working against them. Year by year the children of the refugees were becoming less and less French, and more and more English. They

(*Continued on page 264*)

IN THE VERY HEART OF ECCLESIASTICAL ENGLAND: Canterbury Cathedral in the crypt of which the Huguenot refugees were not only allowed to worship but to school their children and carry on the craft of weaving. Marks of the places where their looms stood can still be seen, writes the author of the accompanying article, and from time to time a service in French continues to be held there

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S: Viscount Anson, the Grenadier Guards, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield, with his bride, Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the late Hon. John Bowes-Lyon and niece of the Queen. The King and Queen attended the wedding accompanied by the Princesses

LORD ANSON WEDS MISS ANNE BOWES-LYON

The King accompanies the Queen to Her Niece's Marriage

On right—DRESSES OF WHITE SATIN BROCADED WITH SILVER were worn by Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon's bridesmaids and they carried bouquets of mixed white flowers. After the wedding there was a reception at Albert Gate

d

TIRANA EN FETE: A gay crowd waiting for the appearance of ... e Royal square of the Albanian capital following the marriage of King Zo... to Cou... of an old Hungarian family. Albanian mountaineers, clad in their ...ctures... mingled together and the music of bands and repeated bursts of cheering created an atmosphere of gaiety betokening the popularity of the match

On left—
THEY FOLLOWED SUIT: Some of the twenty-eight brides and bridegrooms who assembled in Tirana City Hall and were married on the same day as King Zog and Countess Geraldine Apponyi. The King defrayed their expenses and the Queen presented each couple with a new bed, a mattress, blankets and pillows

THE BRIDE SIGNS THE REGISTER: Countess Geraldine Apponyi bending over the table to write her signature, while King Zog and Count Ciano, Italy's Foreign Minister and one of the principal witnesses, stood immediately behind. The ceremony, which was of a civil nature owing to the differing religious beliefs of the bride and groom, took six minutes

THE WEDDING GROUP: King Zog, wearing ... his bride standing on the steps of the Pa... of the bridesmaids who included Princesses

KING ZOG MARRIES: Scenes of Popular Rejoicing in Tirana, Albania's Capital

ride and bridegroom in the main
tess Geraldine Apponyi, a member
a costumes, townsfolk and soldiers.

MEN FROM THE MOUNTAINS: These Albanian peasants in national costume were notable figures in the great crowds. The marriage has created deep satisfaction in the country, partly because it brings nearer the prospect of the present dynasty being continued and partly because the King's choice involves no binding foreign alliance

the uniform of a General of the Albanian army, and
lace at Tirana after the ceremony. With them are three
Maxhide, Myzejen, and Ruhije, the King's unmarried sisters

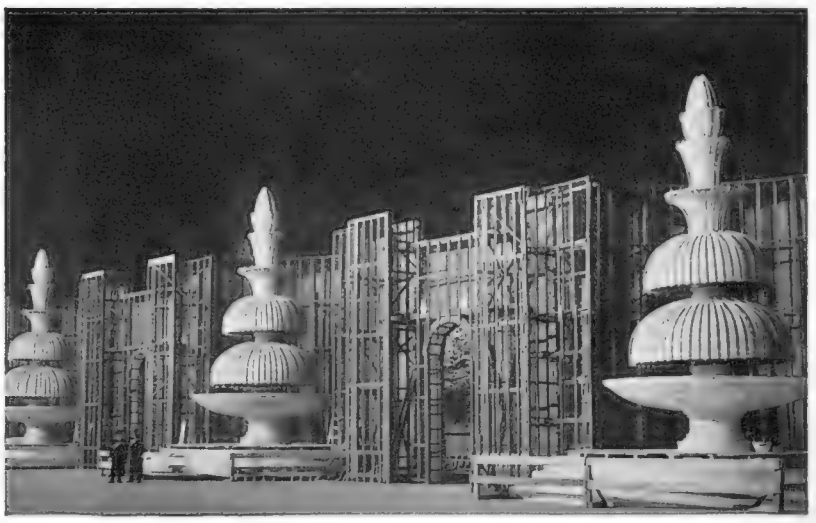
ATTENDING QUEEN GERALDINE: Four of the bridesmaids, of whom there were eight, including the King's three unmarried sisters. The latter, it may be remembered, have recently returned from a tour abroad which has taken them both to London and New York. They did not carry the train; this duty being delegated to four officers

HOW ROME PREPARED FOR HITLER

Setting the Stage For the Führer's Visit to Italy

SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE NAZI VISIT: The new Ostiense Station, Rome, pictured here as it neared completion, at which Chancellor Hitler arrived after his sixteen-hour journey from Germany. Over £4,000,000, it is reckoned, has been spent on preparing a fitting reception for the Führer and his entourage of high party and State officials. The most elaborate precautions were taken in Rome at the beginning of the week to round up those of anti-Nazi sympathies

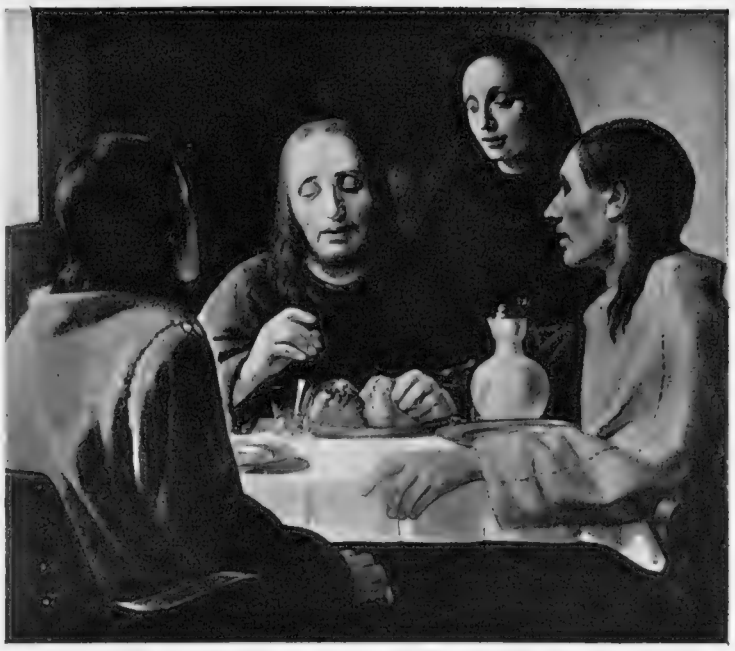
HITLER AVENUE is the name given to this street, seen here in course of construction, along which it was arranged that the German Chancellor should drive to the Royal Palace after leaving the train. No expense, it seems, has been spared in preparing for the reception of the Führer who, it may be remembered, was himself host to Signor Mussolini in Munich and Berlin during last year



PLASTERERS, DECORATIVE ARTISTS, AND CARPENTERS have been working double time during the past few months in order to set the stage for Herr Hitler's visit which began on May 3. These fountains, temporarily adorning one of the main streets of Rome, have been lit up with neon lights throughout this week, presenting a most impressive appearance. *On left*—The Arch of Titus and ancient columns floodlit

ILLUMINATIONS THE KEYNOTE: The Via dei Triomfi, one of the new roads cut through the heart of Rome, has been provided with these lamp standards in honour of the Chancellor's visit

On left—ENGINEERS INSTALLING A BATTERY OF FLOODLIGHTS on the summit of a Roman building



"AND AS HE SAT AT MEAT WITH THEM HE TOOK BREAD AND BLESSED IT": In this picture, which was brought to light a short while ago in Paris and subsequently identified as a work by Vermeer, the Master of Delft depicted the supreme moment at Emmaus when the disciples recognised Jesus following his resurrection. Readers may remember it was reproduced in *The Sphere* of April 2 and we take the opportunity of doing so again in conjunction with other pictures, one of which shows that the work bears a similarity to a canvas by Caravaggio

SIDELIGHTS ON THE NEW VERMEER

An Examination of the Master of Delft's Recently Discovered Painting, which is Shortly to be Exhibited in Rotterdam

By R. H. WILENSKI

THE SPHERE'S reproduction on April 2 of the newly discovered picture "Christ at Emmaus," ascribed by Dr. Bredius to Vermeer of Delft (and acquired by the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam) suggests that the picture itself would take us into the Master of Delft's studio at a hitherto most mysterious moment in his career.

For the subject and grouping of the new picture ally it to the early work, "Christ with Mary and Martha" (Edinburgh, National Gallery of Scotland), the style of which has led scholars to presume that Vermeer went to Italy (though no record of such a visit is included in the scanty surviving documents relating to his life); and the composition confirms this presumption, since it is clearly based on Caravaggio's picture of the same subject, "Christ at Emmaus" (London, National Gallery), which, in Vermeer's time, was in the Borghese Gallery in Rome, Caravaggio having painted it for Cardinal Scipione Borghese. Vermeer, in fact, has only changed Caravaggio's composition by placing the attendant figure on the (spectator's) right instead of the left and by making that figure a young woman instead of a young man. An Italian journey is also suggested by the head of Christ, which is evidently based on the famous head in Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper."

Another link between the new picture and the "Christ with Mary and Martha" is the armchair which occurs in both these pictures—though in all the other pictures by, or ascribed to, Vermeer, no armchairs appear—the chairs being always the familiar armless Dutch type.

"WOMAN POURING MILK": In this work by Vermeer the treatment of the woman's head and the stitched garment find close parallels in the newly discovered work by the Master of Delft which is reproduced at the top of the page

The model for the attendant in the new picture is the beautiful young woman whom Vermeer painted in "A Lady Weighing Gold or Pearls" (Widener Collection, Philadelphia), in "The Woman with the Pitcher" (New York, Metropolitan Museum), and in other pictures.

The male model who posed for both disciples in the new picture also posed for the elegant young man in Vermeer's "A Lady and Gentleman at the Clavichord" (H.M. the King's collection, Windsor Castle) and for the young man in "The Astronomer" (Frankfort, Staedel Institute). The earthenware wine-jug in the new picture occurs in the Windsor picture, in both the pictures called "The Glass of Wine" (Berlin, Kaiser Friedrich Museum and Brunswick Gallery), and in "The Girl Sleeping at a Table" (New York, Metropolitan Museum).

The treatment of the stitched garments and of the bread in the new picture both occur in "The Woman Pouring Milk" (Amsterdam, Rijks Museum); and the deep metal platters in the new picture appear in "The Woman with the Pitcher" (New York, Metropolitan Museum) and, filled with fruit, in "A Girl Sleeping at a Table" (New York, Metropolitan Museum) and "A Young Woman Reading a Letter" (Dresden Gallery); there is also a platter of this shape in the disputed picture, "Diana and her Companions."

I cannot recall glasses of the exact shape of those in the new picture depicted elsewhere in the Vermeer *oeuvre* as it stands at present; in the Berlin and Brunswick "A Glass of Wine" we have wine glasses with short, narrow stems; and in "A Soldier and a Laughing Young Woman" (New York, Frick Museum) there is a wide-mouthed glass with a rounded belly on a short, thin stem.

It is difficult to range Vermeer's paintings in chronological order because only one of his known pictures is actually dated. But, assuming that the new picture is generally accepted (as the reproduction leads me to think that it will be), then we now have for his early period, when he was in the twenties, two cardinal key pictures "Christ with Mary and Martha," and "Christ at Emmaus" showing direct Italian influence; the "Diana and her Companions" which is presumably a still earlier picture; and the signed and dated "The Procuress," (1656) which shows the influence of the Dutchmen, Hontherst and Baburen.

If, as now seems likely, Vermeer painted a series of religious subjects in his early years, other works in this series may some day come to light.

In particular I suspect that "The Crucifixion" in the background of his "Allegory of the New Testament" (The Hague, Dr. Bredius Collection) may well have been a painting by Vermeer himself; and the same may apply to "The Last Judgment" in the background of "A Lady Weighing Gold or Pearls."

VERMEER MUST HAVE EMPLOYED THE SAME MODEL for this picture, "A Lady Weighing Gold or Pearls," as he did for the newly discovered work

The discovery of Vermeer's religious masterpiece has aroused the greatest interest not only in this country but all over the Continent. A correspondent of THE SPHERE writing from abroad makes the interesting statement, at present unconfirmed, that inquiries were made in England concerning the possible value of the picture at the time of the death of an owner of the work in view of the division of the estate, but no sale resulted.

The same correspondent gives the colours of the picture as follows: The figure of the disciple on the right with arm outstretched is lemon-yellow, while that of the other disciple is pearl-grey; the maid standing in the background is wearing a red-brown dress while the figure of Christ in the centre is garbed in a rich deep blue—a tone that was a great favourite with Vermeer.

CARAVAGGIO'S "CHRIST AT EMMAUS": The composition has much in common with Vermeer's newly discovered work on the same theme. On comparing the two paintings, many will doubtless feel that Vermeer's reveals the greater psychological penetration, combining at once great artistry with a deep religious sense of the scene portrayed

"CHRIST WITH MARY AND MARTHA": The subject and grouping of this early Vermeer in the National Gallery of Scotland ally it, writes R. H. Wilenski, with the newly identified work. Another link is provided by the fact that an armchair of an unusual type is also glimpsed in both pictures

WHAT FIND I HERE? FAIR PORTIA'S COUNTERFEIT? Bassanio (Richard Ainley) chooses the leaden instead of the gold or silver caskets, and thus earns the right to claim Portia (Peggy Ashcroft) for his own. A scene from Act III of *The Merchant of Venice*, the last of the series of productions presented by John Gielgud during his season at the Queen's Theatre. Second from right is Gratiano (Glen Byam Shaw), and behind Portia is Nerissa (Angela Baddeley)

"TARRY, JEW; THE LAW HATH YET ANOTHER HOLD ON YOU": Portia (Peggy Ashcroft) confronts Shylock (John Gielgud) in the trial scene in the Queen's Theatre production of *The Merchant of Venice*

ON STAGE

IT has become axiomatic in the world of farce that in any play in which Mr. Robertson Hare appears he has to be deprived of his trousers. But I would sooner have Mr. Ben Travers as the trouser-robber than any other dramatist, for he is quite unquestionably the best living writer of farce. And he has never written a better one than *Banana Ridge*, which is likely to remain at the Strand Theatre through many a banana crop. Not for a long while have I laughed so much; indeed, if one were not too much occupied with laughing to deal with details and statistics, it would probably be found that pleasant little minor laughs come along every few seconds, with a mighty roar of cachinnation—termed so aptly in the profession a "belly laugh"—at least once a minute.

Mr. Travers's theme is bastardy, and I do not claim that that is particularly funny. Nor, I imagine, does he. Most of its facets are familar, and the only strange thing about the story in this case is that it should have passed the Censor, who would certainly have shied at it a few years ago. But the author gets his fun out of his treatment of the theme rather than out of the theme itself, and above all out of making his two chief characters, Mr. Alfred Drayton and Mr. Hare, say precisely the things their personalities suggest that they would say. Here is a farce of character in every sense of the word. There are plenty of amusing situations, but character dominates all of them. This is a better plan by far than the old-time one of gathering together a lot of quite colourless people and making them dash through a lot of doors and hide under a lot of beds at breathless speed—the accepted formula of "roaring farce."

The cause of the complications here was the compliance of a landlady's daughter during the war in the matter of young officers billeted on her mother. One of these was the father of her child, now a good-looking youth in the early twenties; she did not know which one, so she called him Jones because she did not know what else to call a bastard, which seems rather hard on the thousands upon thousands of respectable Joneses in England, Scotland, and Wales, particularly Wales. Was the father Mr. Pound, a rich, choleric, bald, and very Draytonish rubber merchant? Or Mr. Pink, in the person of Mr. Hare, and therefore fussy and mildly tyrannical to everyone except Mr. Pound, who employed him? We do not find out until the last act, when the parent in question is discovered to be some Colonial big-wig. For the troublesome young Jones is shipped out to the Federated Malay States by Mr. Pound to get him out of the way, and by Mr. Travers to get new chances for Mr. Hare to be pompously ridiculous. I wish to see nothing funnier than Mr. Hare's version of Big White Carstairs, full of strange pukka sahib oaths and talk of mosquitoes and snakes, bursting with heroic British heartiness in that bungalow of his and looking all the while as little at home in white shorts and a sun-helmet as would a suburban churchwarden.

The full exploitation of the incongruous is a large part of the genius of Mr. Travers, who in this case shows another aspect of it by making his debut as an actor with an uncommonly good shot at a native servant doing incredibly ridiculous things with a belching syphon and a lingo no more intelligible than those syphonic noises. Mr. Drayton also is seen in that bungalow—testy, mosquito-bitten, athirst for whisky, and getting a laugh with every line and gesture, thundering good actor that he is.

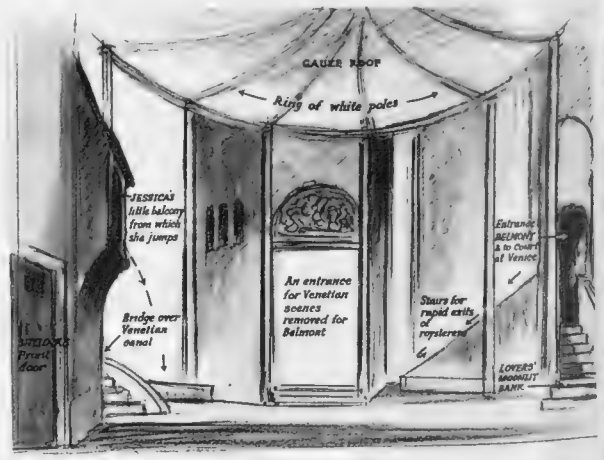
Farce is a man's job, and the ladies inevitably must yield to them. But Miss Kathleen O'Regan is far too brilliant an actress not to be able to give plenty of point even to a part with nothing much about it for her to get her pretty teeth into, and her brogue in that tropical bungalow was as cool and refreshing as the green pastures of Eire. A really excellent performance this. Miss Olga Lindo played the mother of the well, of Jones with a gentle persuasiveness which just stopped short of blackmail, and Miss Carla Lehmann was a pretty *ingenue* with plenty of "guts"—which is probably just the word your pretty *ingenue* of 1938 would use.

Mr. Laurence Irving has designed a bungalow of such beauty that I would be willing to live in it and chance the mosquitoes. He is also to be congratulated on having invented the World's Funniest Syphon.

"Lady With Designs".—In the course of *Lady With Designs*, at the Ambassadors, a character has to remark "The man who made this piece is a genius!" In the circumstances this was unfortunate, though the remark was applied to imitation jewellery and not to this imitation drama. I would call it an imitation because it never at any moment came near to anything real. The unreal plot is unfolded by unreal people, and the excitement, so far as anything of the sort may be considered to exist, is quite unreal also. Crime can be made into a thrilling play, and frequently is, though such plays are by now so far from being my cup of tea that when I see the curtain rise, as it did in this case, on a pitch-dark stage illumined only by the electric torch of, presumably, a burglar, I am apt to prepare myself for the worst.

But the process of play-making with burglary and blackmail at the root of it must be slickly and neatly done, and both the innocent and the guilty people concerned must move like human beings and give one some chance to take an interest in them. Here, it seems, we had a society girl who had a knack of making imitation jewellery with most artistic

ALFRED OLLIVANT'S CLASSIC SCREENED: Will Fyffe as Adam McAdam, the old Scottish farmer, who earns the hatred of his neighbours by the contempt with which he treats them and by the savagery of his dog, Black Wull. Both master and dog are central characters in the film version of the famous novel *Owd Bob* which Robert Stevenson has directed for the Gainsborough Company. Its European premiere is to be at the Gaumont, Haymarket, to-morrow



SHAKESPEAREAN SETTINGS

At the Queen's Theatre and the Old Vic

AND SCREEN

Ben Travers Re-hashes Familiar Material Into Another First Rate Farce—At Least a Laugh a Minute in "Banana Ridge" at the Strand: Unreality of "Lady With Designs"

By PHILIP PAGE

exactitude. This she passed on to a jeweller (who was also a receiver of stolen goods and a blackmailer) in order to pay her gambling debts.

She was not in the least dismayed to find a real burglar in her bedroom after the imitation bracelets and things, and with consummate *sangfroid* hid him in the bathroom and engaged him as her chauffeur. Nor was a novelist dismayed when she appeared in *his* bedroom in the small hours and black pyjamas and announced to the assembled house party that she was engaged to him.

BRITISH CONTRALTOS AT COVENT GARDEN: Mary Jarred (*left*), Edith Coates (*centre*), and Constance Willis (*right*) who are all appearing in the international opera season which opened on May 2 with Mozart's *Die Zauberflote*. For some reason or other first-rate contraltos are notoriously rare, and in this connection it is highly gratifying to know that seven of the eight selected this year are from this country, Kerstin Thorborg, who is Swedish, being the exception

TALENT FROM ABROAD: Three foreign operatic stars who are appearing at The Royal Opera House during the present season. *Left*—Kerstin Thorborg, the Swedish contralto, in the character of Klytemnestra. *Centre*—Irme Beilke, a newcomer to Covent Garden, has been recognised for the past four seasons as the first coloratura soprano in Berlin. *Right*—Margaret Kubatzki, 26-year-old Polish soprano, was discovered by Sir Thomas Beecham

After that the intricacies of a pawn-shop scene, etc., were beyond my unravelling. The little piece came to a gloomy close with a smash-and-grab raid heard "off."

Only the players were real. It was sad to find real artistes either wasted or mis-cast or both. Miss Gina Malo is as clever as paint and is as American as it is possible for an American to be. But all her charm and vivacity could not make me swallow her as "the Hon. April Larcombe," the daughter of an English peer. Mr. Alexander Field, less handicapped as the burglar-chauffeur and doing his best with conventional Cockneyism, could only make one think longingly of his brilliance in *Journey's End*. Mr. Harold Warrender, Mr. Frank Collier, Mr. Frederick Groves, and Mr. Charles Quartermaine struggled loyally with negligible opportunities.

"Three Blind Mice."—One of the many doubtless absurd theatrical superstitions is that the tune "Three Blind Mice" must never on any account be sung, hummed, whistled, played, or even crooned in a theatre, the idea possibly being that if it is, the play, unlike the mice, will not run. At the Duke of York's theatre the tune is played *ad nauseam* on a gramophone during the intervals. So that is that.

The play, *Three Blind Mice*, comes from the Embassy Theatre where so many good plays have come from. If it is not even among the best dozen which have made the adventurous journey to the West End, it has sufficient merit about it at least to defy superstition. Its brightness has a tendency at times to border on the facetious with exasperating effects. The author, "Mr. Stephen Powys" (who, it seems, is a Miss Someone-or-other), gives the impression of having thought out some amusing and also some rather less amusing remarks, many of a blueish tinge, and of thereupon dumping them on her people just in order to get them off her chest. The result is not always successful and gives a touch of artificiality to an otherwise unpretentious comedy with one of its three acts quite first-rate.

The "mice" in question are three anything-but-blind young women who pool their resources and go off to the Riviera in search of rich husbands. One gets a gigolo, so perhaps her perspicacity is, after all, questionable. But he is a very nice gigolo and she adores him. Another marries the family

(*Continued on page 264*)

Drawn by Percy Home

An interesting contrast is provided by the settings designed for the Queen's Theatre production of *The Merchant of Venice* and the Old Vic production of *Coriolanus*. The former, as depicted *above on left*, is what might be described as a "marquee" setting and the lettering on the drawing shows how the various props required for various scenes remain in position throughout the play. In the *Coriolanus* setting, simplicity is the keynote, and many have remarked on its Stonehenge-like appearance

"THREE BLIND MICE": Diana Beaumont, Renée Ray, and Dorothy Hyson in the new play by Stephen Powys which has come to the Duke of York's following a successful try-out at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage. How the sisters set out for the South of France in search of rich husbands provides a good light comedy theme. The dialogue is bright, some of it having an original flavour

CHAIRS THROUGH THE CENTURIES

An Interesting Exhibition in Aid of Charity

Below—
ITALIAN INSPIRATION: This "X"-shaped armchair, included in the exhibition at Messrs. Harris's, is covered in crimson and gold velvet and the wood bears traces of original tempera colouring. It has been lent from Skipton Castle by Lord Hothfield

THE EVOLUTION OF THE OAK ARMCHAIR: Four examples from a simple medieval design with linen-fold panels to the elaborately carved designs of the reign of James I. They are now being displayed in an exhibition depicting the history and evolution of the English Chair held by M. Harris & Sons at 61, St. James's Street, S.W.1, in aid of charity

THE WILLIAM AND MARY PERIOD, when cabinet-making enjoyed a peak period, is represented in the exhibition by this fine selection of chairs. *On left*—A winged easy or grandfather chair in original tapestry covering with parakeets, tulips and other flowers. The elaborately made under frame is of walnut wood with double-scroll legs and pierced and turned stretchers. It belongs to the time of James II

DOLLS WITH A DIFFERENCE: *An Hungarian Dress Designer Holds A Novel Exhibition in London*

Professor Ladislaus Czettel, the Hungarian designer, who in the past has created costumes for many a production at the Vienna Opera and the Salzburg Festival, and has lately done similar work in connection with the screen version of Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion, *is at present holding an exhibition at Maples Gallery, 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street. Undoubtedly the most intriguing aspect of this display is the series of dolls representing stage and opera stars in the dresses designed for them by Professor Czettel. Three of the most striking of these are reproduced herewith*

CARMEN: This doll, dressed in a miniature of the costume worn by Jarmila Novosnir in a Vienna production of Bizet's opera, is one of a series on view at Maples Gallery where Professor Czettel, the Hungarian designer, is, as noted above, at present holding an interesting one-man show

FOR "THE BEGGAR STUDENT": A miniature of Ilona Massey's costume and (*on left*) a miniature of Alfred Terfer's uniform created by Czettel for a production at the Vienna State Opera. Some of these doll-figures, clad in the richest fabrics, cost as much as £25 to make

MAN OBSERVES NATURE'S PHENOMENA

Investigating a Meteor in Sweden: A New Geyser in California

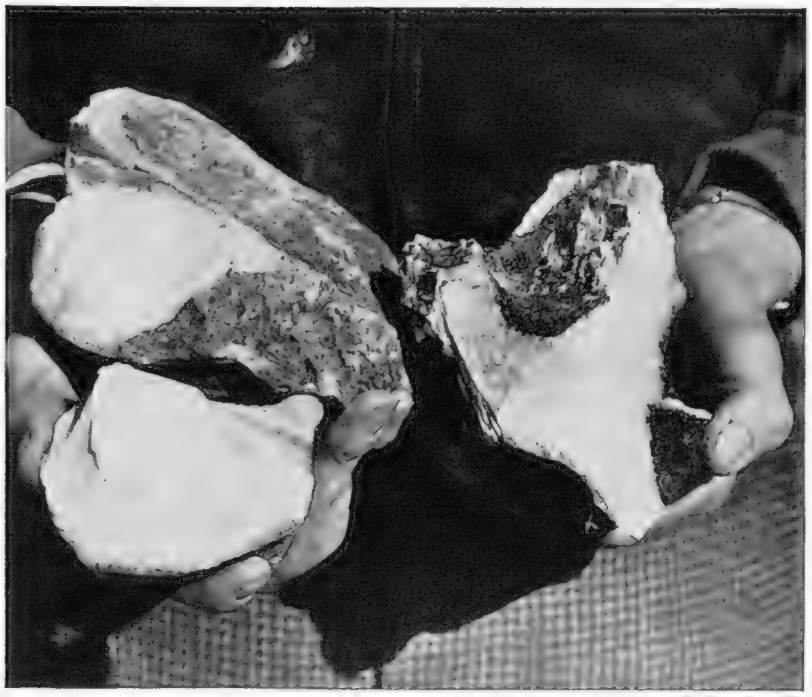
A BOLT FROM THE BLUE: A geologist engaged at Stockholm Geological Museum in making an experimental boring through the meteorite which M. Nordenskjoeld, the Swedish explorer, discovered on his last expedition to Greenland. It belongs to the aerolite group and research has revealed that it consists entirely of pure iron

MOTHER NATURE ADDED A NEW ATTRACTION to the scenic wonders of the main highway from Los Angeles to Reno when this geyser recently came into action at Bishton, California. It throws a plumy spray 80 ft. into the air, and is fully equal as a spectacle to some of the famed geysers of Yellowstone National Park. There has always been a hot spring at this spot reputed to have medicinal properties

KEEPING A CHECK ON AMERICA'S TURBULENT WATERS: The United States Weather Bureau in Washington has set up on the Potomac River an automatic gauge (*left*) which by a system of electric signals shows the exact level of the water at any given time. The gauge is linked to the Weather Bureau by telephone, and all the official in charge has to do is to lift the receiver and, as depicted *on right*, check off the time between signals on his stop watch. If the present experiment is a success, similar gauges will be set up along all the big rivers, and it will thus be possible for the Bureau to broadcast flood warnings in good time

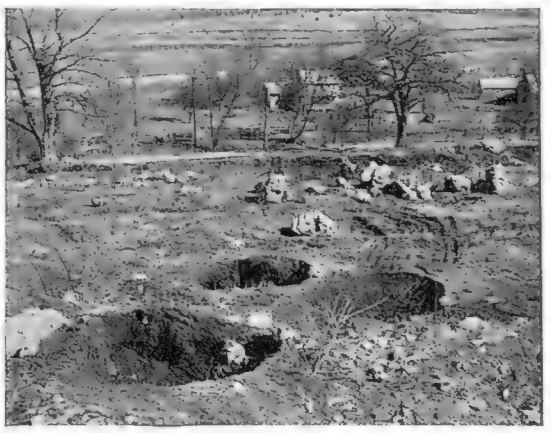
AMONG THE TIFF MINERS OF MISSOURI

Men who Eke out a Modest Livelihood in the Search for Baryta



HARVEST OF THE MIDDLE-WEST: This mineral, known as tiff, is found in large quantities in Washington County, Missouri, and, year in year out, a vast army of diggers, for the most part drawn from the ranks of the unemployed, combs the region for it. A hard-working miner can make about £4 10s. a week, but many eke out a very modest living of considerably less. Tiff is a baryta and is used chiefly in the production of paint, enamel, lacquer, and face powder

A HIT OR MISS BUSINESS: Tiff is found near the surface of the ground, but the miner who searches for it has to have luck on his side if he is to make even a moderate living, as it is possible for him to dig for days with no return



On right—
LIKE A BATTLEFIELD: Typical country in Washington County, Missouri, pock-marked with holes made by the tiff miners, many of whom have invaded the district from the cotton-growing areas farther south

On right—
ALL A GAME TO THEM: Sixteen-year-old Ruby Nelson and fifteen-year-old Wallace Nelson operating bucket and windlass at their parents' tiff mine which, in this case, went down about 30 ft. into the ground. Usually the diggings are about 4 ft. deep

A Page for Women

FIELD DAY for ENGLISHWOMEN

HAVE you noticed how good-looking your friends are this year? If you have not, you soon will do, because the clothes they will be wearing are the sort that suit them particularly well. They are soft and easy-fitting, they have lots of delicate lingerie touches, and there are practically no unbecoming colours.

There has been an extraordinary number of suits this spring, and while they are not for everybody there can be no doubt that the majority of women do look their best in them. The blacks have won, of course, but delicate white blouses and buttonholes of stephanotis and white flowers perched on veiled hats have broken the monotony, and now every sunny day brings out a new crop of pastel coloured suits with charmingly contrasting jackets.

But what is this new idea for discarding hats the minute one is seated at a restaurant table? Just a very few women can get away with it (Mrs. Charles Sweeny, at the Ritz the other day, lifted her immaculate white hat off by its high peaked crown and dropped it under her chair) but generally one is rather reminded of a ruffled hen. And, anyway, undressing in public is never graceful.

Here is a brand new version of the pill-box. Made in fluffy chrysanthemum straw, and literally as light as a feather, it has a crown pulled up to a sharp point, and it is swathed in a chenille spotted white veil. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, and is worn with a navy georgette dress with a white yoke, bead embroidery, and a smart pleated apron front

VEILS are more important than hats

This is the year for veils. They are worn with every sort of hat. They cover the face, they fall about the shoulders, they are swept about flat-backed crowns and tied in enormous bows on the hair, they are spotted, they are rainbow striped, or several different colours are merged together without form. They are utterly charming, and they are the greatest flatterers in the world.

As for the hats themselves—they are essentially feminine. The sort that men like. If you have a very smooth brow you can wear bonnets with dramatically wide, uneven brims. You can even have them decked with flowers. They are not only for the young, but they do demand clear, untroubled eyes.

Alternatively you can wear moderately shallow hats with brims curled at each side. Hats flat as a wheel and almost as large, with only a tiny wreath of flowers pretending to be a crown. All-the-way-round halo hats tied under the chin. Or piquant little toques, with horseshoe-shaped brims curled upwards to hold a single rose, or a cluster of careless flowers at the front.

Favourite trimmings—flights of Mercury wings, forming the entire crown. Velvet or embroidered organdie ribbons. Moss roses, red carnations, or field flowers. Crowns entirely composed of tightly packed blossoms. And petersham bows with upstanding ends.

And why are so many beautiful women wearing very dark glasses and keeping them on indoors as well as when they are out in the sun. It is true that on anybody as delicately blonde as Lady Jersey they have something of the fascination of a Venetian mask, but it is equally true that they make some women look very like rabbits. One would have thought that the world was not so bright that it needs constant toning down.

It is amazing what a difference light can make. Even yet restaurateurs do not seem to realise how psychologically important it is. I can think of many luxuriously appointed cloak rooms in London hotels—but only one where the mirrors are sufficiently kind to give any woman the sort of self-confidence that makes her an interesting companion. On the other hand, I can think of at least one other that is guaranteed to make her hate herself at the beginning of even the most promising party.

And here is one other worry. During the last few years Englishwomen have been better shod than ever before, mainly because of American shoes and American styling which is superlatively good. But this summer the shoe manufacturers seem to have gone haywire. It is extremely difficult to get any summer shoes that have solid toes (and only people who seldom step outside a Rolls Royce should wear anything else during the day). There is a craze for pumps that have only a heel-strap at the back. And in the evening anybody might be forgiven for imagining that a woman had forgotten to change her bedroom mules. Such phantasies can look effective enough on slender American feet—but they do not fit in to the London picture.

Stripes are everywhere, and the very nicest sort are those that are worked out in a floral design. Just like these, in brick, peacock blue, and yellow, on a white crepe ground. They are so decorative and fresh-looking that the dress needs no trimming beyond the brick and yellow sash swathed around the waist. It costs 80s., and comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, where they have it also in other very effective combinations of colour

You must have at least one dress in a diaphanous fabric for net, chiffon, and organdie are everywhere. Here is a model in stiffened black chiffon, the wide skirt spreading from a small waist and a tiny bodice. It is trimmed with blue, red, and white formalised flowers that have embroidered stems, and it too comes from Swan and Edgar

THE FEMININE ANGLE:

"Diplomatic" Daughters : Spring Weddings : U.S. Showgirls

JOINING THEIR FATHER: Miss Eunice and Miss Rosemary Kennedy, two of the nine children of Mr. Joseph Kennedy, new American Ambassador to London, seen on arrival at Plymouth last week in the liner *Manhattan*

THE ONLY BRIDESMAID: The Hon. Sarah Jane Montagu in the arms of her mother Lady Hinchingbrooke as they left for St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, where Sarah, who is 2½ years old, acted as attendant to Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, younger daughter of the Earl of Winchilsea, on her marriage to Mr. Peter Tiarks. Her dress was an exact replica of the bride's

On right—

AMERICAN SHOW GIRLS ARRIVE: They came over on the United States liner *Manhattan* last week to fulfil their engagement at Grosvenor House

POLAR EXPLORER'S SON WEDS: Mr. Edward A. A. Shackleton, whose father was Sir Ernest Shackleton, of Antarctic fame, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with his bride, Miss Betty Homan, daughter of the late Captain Charles Homan. She carried a sheath of lilies

FLYING FOLK WED: Miss Dorothy Spicer (*left*), the noted aviatrix, pictured at her wedding to Flight Lieutenant Pearce at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and (*right*) Miss Pauline Gower who acted as bridal attendant. This air-minded couple are having a respite from flying during their honeymoon, and are, in fact, enjoying a motoring tour of England

Lady Clarges and Nelson's Romance

The Interesting Subject of one of the Five Portraits Recently Stolen from Chilham Castle

BUT for the Lady Clarges whose portrait by Gainsborough has been stolen from Chilham Castle the meeting of Nelson with Emma Hamilton would probably never have taken place and the world would have been the poorer by a romantic love story.

In the year 1785, Mr. Charles Greville, virtuoso, man about town and younger son of the Earl of Warwick, found himself obliged to take stock of his resources and to weigh his expenditure against his expectations. His most serious liability, he decided, was his lovely mistress, Emma Hart, with whom he had been living in semi-rustic retirement at Paddington Green for three years past.

Mr. Arnold Bennett fixed that period as the inevitable limit of a *grande passion*. Mr. Greville hoped to make a rich marriage. If he did not succeed in this, the usual last resource of the cadet of good family, he had nothing else to look forward to but the money coming to him, as he might reasonably hope, on the death of his friend and uncle, Sir William Hamilton, His Britannic Majesty's Minister to the Court of the Two Sicilies.

"LADY CLARGES", BY GAINSBOROUGH: One of the five famous pictures, insured for a total of £88,000, which were stolen the other day from the main hall of Chilham Castle. The thieves, who showed great daring, left by the front door

Now at the beginning of the year 1785, disquieting rumours reached Mr. Greville. People of fashion returning from Naples, gave a bad account of Sir William. He was flirting on all sides. His name had been coupled with that of Mrs. Damer; the attachment to Lady Craven had, it was whispered, revived.

Imagine the Honourable Charles's anxiety. His latest matrimonial projects had miscarried, Emma was running up bills, at any moment he might have to sell his unrivalled collection of minerals, and here was his uncle heartlessly reckless of his prospects—but at this moment, a letter written on thick paper, and addressed in the ambassador's clear well-known hand, was delivered to the terrified gentleman. Impatiently, Mr. Greville skimmed the first pages—all about killing boars—ha! what was this? A woman's name had caught his eye.

"Lady Clarges (wrote Sir William Hamilton) I met with at Turin and Rome, and she is now at Naples. I like her much and in one of my moments of admiration I said I wished she would take possession of my empty apartments. She gravely answered she was much flattered, but had resolved never to marry again. The Devil fetch me if I meant to propose, tho' I have often thought she would suit me well. Her musical talents weigh greatly with me, and she is gentle."

His Excellency, it will be seen, was very nearly trapped into a proposal by a misunderstanding, as was Mr. Pickwick forty years later. But what humour there was in the situation we may be sure was not apparent to the Honourable Charles Greville. He knew all about Lady Clarges. She had been a Miss Skreen and had married Sir Thomas Clarges, a baronet, who was dead these three years. She had four children.

So much and little more do we know nowadays about the woman who so nearly became the second wife of Sir William Hamilton. Till the discovery of some unpublished letters in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, the "Lady C." at whose departure from Naples Sir William's friends, according to Greville, rejoiced, was identified with Lady Craven. Upon receipt of this letter, dated February 22, 1785, the Hon. Charles acted on the plan he had had in contemplation.

He entreated his uncle to take the lovely Emma off his hands and set her up as his *maîtresse en titre* at Naples. Sir William's friends, he assured him, would think this quite as good a connection as "Lady C." In the end Sir William acted upon this advice. Emma was packed off to Naples and, as we know, to her old protector's chagrin, became Lady Hamilton six years later. And it was at Naples that she met Nelson.

Of Lady Louisa Clarges it only remains to be said that she died at Richmond (where she may very well have met Emma and Nelson's alleged daughter) on August 5, 1809, in the forty-ninth year of her age and was buried in Petersham cemetery. In her likeness preserved to us by Gainsborough some may trace a charm greatly different from but perhaps not unequal to that of the woman who took her place in history.

Edmund B. d'Auvergne

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

PURVEYORS OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Three Authors Who Make Foreign Affairs Comprehensible to the Layman

By VERNON FANE

THERE was a war in 1914 which raged round the world for four years, a world which they said was to be made "safe for democracy." Yes, things were different then, in the years before the rolls of honour went up in the country churches. But were they so very different?

Who, in the midst of the present hectic race for arms, remembers that "We Want Eight and We Won't Wait" (meaning Dreadnoughts) was a political slogan, or that the Hero of Kandahar was stumping the country advocating conscription? The Bogy-Man of Europe spoke, in those days, in the same language as the Bogy-Man of to-day. The menace was German Imperialism, but we do not remember that it was a subject upon which what are nowadays called the publicists spread themselves unduly. Certainly the old gentleman now living in retirement at Doorn was not made the main concern of books pouring from the presses.

There was a book called *The Great Illusion*, but the wisdom that made it a best-seller was acquired after the event. To whatever fate Europe is marching to-day nobody can complain that the course of it is wrapped in any obscurity. From the moment that Herr Hitler decided to march into the Rhineland Mr. John Gunther's *Inside Europe* was destined to become a success. Hitler himself had written a book, but the man, his history, his "movement," his aspirations and his actions, become the subjects of more and more books.

And there were plenty of men on the spot, or had been on the spot, and in several spots, to write them. Foreign correspondents mostly. Europe moves to whatever is in store for it under the focus of a penetrating limelight. Every step is recorded and dramatised in fine prose; every motive subject to every kind of analysis. Maps may be re-drawn in week-end *coups* but they appear, with all sorts of sinister shadings and colourings, hot from the presses soon after.

The three books under review see the past, present, and future each from the different angle of their gifted writers, yet the name which occurs most frequently in all of them is that of Hitler. You pay your half guinea (except to Mr. Voigt, who knocks off the odd sixpence) and take your choice. Each will be widely read, as those were that went before and as those will be that are surely to come. Every man his own Foreign Secretary. Dare any of us presume to be surprised by what is likely to happen in Czechoslovakia?

It may be a very good thing, all this limelight, if we can believe the copybooks about forewarnings being forearmings. Yet the lesson to be drawn from Messrs. Douglas Reed, F. A. Voigt and Sir Philip Gibbs is that, although our eyes be opened by what they tell us, there are millions and millions living under Totalitarian rule who are permitted to know nothing but what is dictated to them. The Dictator who can say turn, and millions turn to do his bidding, is the fellow who is causing all these purveyors of enlightenment to be so widely read.

Mr. Douglas Reed surveys the scene in a semi-autobiographical vein and gives his book the title of **INSANITY FAIR** (Cape. 10s. 6d.). "My first glimpse of Insanity Fair was of uniforms and warlike preparations, a fitting introduction for a male of my generation. The jingle-jangle, clip-clop of horse artillery riding out of St. John's Wood barracks are the first sounds I remember hearing. . . . Nineteen years afterwards I leaned against the wall of a Flanders farmhouse, in a drizzling dusk, and watched horse artillerymen with streaming rubber cloaks drive their guns by."

The author fills a scant few pages on childhood's memories before encountering Insanity in excelsis, wallowing in mud behind wire and afterwards lumbering across the line in an R.E. 8, limping home with smashed controls and a jammed gun. A gratuity, a telephonist's job on *The Times*, a spell in Paris, a brief tour with Northcliffe; back on *The Times;* the Berlin of the Republic, and the tour of "all the sideshows of Insanity Fair." He saw the Germany of Rathenau, of Stresemann, of Bruning; he saw the burning of the Reichstag, attended the trial and studied every detail of it; he saw the triumph of Hitler and the famous public handclasp between the old Field Marshal and the Austrian corporal; he saw Hindenburg's funeral. He went to Moscow with Eden, to Stresa with Ramsay MacDonald, to Geneva with Simon, to Vienna, Prague, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest, Sofia, Athens.

Either in the centre of the ring or in a side affair he brings the show alive, expounding, commenting, denouncing as he goes along. And the title of his book carries the tone of his denunciations, which are many and forthright. It is a record of events seen through the mind of a spirited and sensitive man, devoid of political bias yet having strong opinions which do not always secure the unequivocal agreement of even the most sympathetic reader. Personally I found it absorbing, and devoured every word of it.

Mr. F. A. Voigt is also a foreign correspondent but his book, **UNTO CAESAR** (Constable. 10s.) contains no mention of himself, his work, or his adventures in the course of it. It is a carefully reasoned, philosophic examination of the alignment of political forces in the world to-day, with particular reference to the position of this country.

Most people sincerely believe that the strongest force in Great Britain to-day is the will of peace. It is a force that turns a deaf ear both to the Isolationists and the Interventionists; it says in effect "let us keep out of it as long as we can, but let us at the same time make ourselves strong so that if we have to fight we shall do so with all our might." Mr. Voigt believes that this is our true policy, and he reaches that conclusion with weighty argument that ranges from the fundamentals of Marxism, Fascism and National Socialism to the immediate scenes of conflict in Europe to-day.

Germany, France, Italy, Japan, the U.S.A. could all suffer defeat yet rise again as Powers. "England is the only Great Power exposed to the permanent danger of total and *permanent* defeat in war. . . . 'World Power or nothing' (Hitler's slogan) is true of England alone. She is dependent on precariously established economic and political adjustments all over the world. She is more sensitive than any other country to events in the remotest regions. She is more vulnerable than any other because she is vulnerable *everywhere*." Moreover, the Pax Britannica is vital, not only to ourselves, but to world peace, for it reaches far beyond the confines of the Empire, from the frontiers of Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian countries to China and the Dutch East Indies.

In defeat there would be no mercy, for we are the most envied and therefore the most hated of all world Powers. Therefore, Mr. Voigt argues, British foreign policy must always be cautious and well-balanced, realising that we are always on the edge of disaster. That is why we cannot afford a war for principles, or to declare ourselves committed in advance; we should "always try to mediate and conciliate, for there is no crisis, no danger, anywhere in the world which may not set in motion a series of events which will, in the end, become a danger."

It was our temporary abandonment of that policy that made possible the welding of the Rome-Berlin axis, the rise of Italy and the lowering of British prestige following the Abyssinian debacle, which in turn made possible active Italian and German intervention in Spain.

Thus baldly set forth, Mr. Voigt's conclusions would seem to be open to considerable dispute, especially from our friends on the Left, but the unbiased reader will find much food for thought in the careful structure of his arguments.

As touching the Left, the most carmine of Marxists will not enjoy Mr. Voigt's penetrating analysis of the root causes of the world's troubles to-day, while the parlour-pinks may well reflect on the following, and similar, passages.

"Where the Communist parties were not strong enough to instigate armed risings, they contented themselves with disruptive activities within the Labour movements. Everywhere, without exception, they galvanised the Right into fiercer energy while weakening the Left by injecting confusion of purpose and disunity of action. And everywhere they spread Muscovite cynicism and disregard for mercy and truthfulness. Few Powers can ever have produced so much misery and disaster by interfering with the internal affairs

(Continued on page 264)

BOOKS RECEIVED

BELL.—A DRAM OF POISON. By Marr Jackson. 7s. 6d. CAPE.—GENERAL WASHINGTON'S DILEMMA. By Katherine Mayo. 8s. 6d. SPRING ALWAYS COMES. By Elizabeth Cambridge. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—SCOOP. By Evelyn Waugh. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—300,000 SEA MILES. By Admiral Sir Henry Pelly. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. IN THE FINE SUMMER WEATHER. By Catharine Whitcomb. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—NORTHERN SUMMER. By Gosta af Geijerstam. 5s. DEATH BY MOONLIGHT: An Account of a Darfur Journey. By Robert D. Q. Henriques. Illustrated. 15s. MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD. By John Brophy. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES.—THE BARRIE INSPIRATION. By Patrick Chalmers. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. DUCKWORTH.—SINISTER SMITH. By A. H. Atkins. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—WOMEN OF AFFAIRS. By Daphne Nicol. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—SCOTTISH HERITAGE. By Rex Welldon Finn. 8s. 6d. ANCESTRAL TABLET. By Kathleen Wallace. 8s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—WITHOUT MAKE-UP. By Ursula Bloom. 10s. 6d. METHUEN.—SEBASTIEN LE PRESTRE DE VAUBAN 1633—1707. By Sir Reginald Blomfield. Illustrated. 15s. 1649: A NOVEL OF A YEAR. By Jack Lindsay. 10s. STANLEY PAUL.—STRANGE AFRICA. By Lawrence G. Green. Illustrated. 18s. TEMPLE PRESS LTD.—HOW TO DRIVE A CAR. By the Editor of *The Motor*. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.

This England . . .

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WHEN a man would "take the road" in olden times, he made his goal the shrine of some distant saint. And he was benefited morally and physically thereby. Pilgrims travelled together for safety and company, met fellow countrymen out of strange parts, ate together, drank together, and made of good inn-keeping a profitable thing. From good inn-keeping to good beer was a short step — and straight from that last has come the greatest English ale of them all, our Worthington. Gentlemen, we are taking the road again. In different guise, at greater speed, but seeking the same rich air, glorying in the same grand dawns and scented dusks, drawing spiritual and bodily strength from this our England. A lovely heritage . . . *let us keep it so.*

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ARTERY FROM THE AIR: Where the new Crawley by-pass, now under construction, passes over the railway. This road, when completed, will greatly relieve traffic congestion between London and Brighton

THE LACK OF OFFICIAL SUPPORT IN MOTOR RACING

British Drivers' Valiant Efforts against Subsidised Foreign Competition

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE regrettable fatal accident to Eric Fernihough draws attention to the praiseworthy attempts by Britishers to raise British prestige abroad by their individual efforts in the field of motor sport. The German and Italian Governments are reputed to subsidise certain of their motor manufacturers with the object of producing thoroughly efficient racing cars and motor cycles in order to attack records and compete in International races especially out of their own countries. The subsidies given have been generous and the successes which these foreign nations have achieved as a direct result of this lavish expenditure of money have been considerable.

The Governments concerned evidently hold the view that the prestige gained more than repays them for the subsidies given. Personally, I think they are entirely right and the surprise is that our own Government cannot see its way to do likewise.

Even if our Government were in any way favourable to subsidising motor sport they certainly would not do so until the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders gave very much more active support to the competition world than they do at present. It is an extraordinary thing that this organisation of which every motor manufacturer is a member does so little to encourage the sport. It is so little in touch with racing matters that I doubt whether it realises that we have an ample supply of racing drivers who, if given the chance to sit at the wheel of the fastest foreign racing car, would certainly equal if not excel the skill shown by the foreign competitors.

Again, we have the necessary brains on the designing side. If any proof is needed we have only to look at the astounding success of Lord Austin's baby Austins, Lord Nuffield's and Mr. Cecil Kimber's M.G. Midget which has put up such remarkable speeds in the hands of Major A. T. G. Gardner, M.C., Mr. Humphrey Cook's E.R.A.s which literally walk away from their foreign competitors in the same class and, finally, the two world's record breakers, Sir Malcolm Campbell's *Blue Bird* and Captain G. E. T. Eyston's *Thunderbolt*, both of which have put up fantastic speeds at Utah. We now have Mr. John Cobb's big Railton car which looks every inch a winner.

So much has been done by individual efforts that it is only reasonable to suppose that if the S.M.M. & T. were to pool the resources of individual members, and if the Government would contribute financially, we would literally wipe the board of all foreign competition. In doing so the prestige of the British motor trade abroad would be enhanced but what is, perhaps, even more important, our political prestige amongst foreigners would be greatly improved. For, it must be remembered that motor racing and motor sport in general attract colossal crowds and attention in Continental countries and America. As things are at present, enthusiasts, like the late Eric Fernihough, have the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet financially.

Once again I want to return to this vexed question of signalling. I suppose, as a class, I must put lorry drivers down as among the most conscientious signallers at present met with on the road. I would not go so far as to say that every lorry driver who beckons a private car to pass him is actuated by altogether disinterested motives. Obviously the driver of a lorry becomes a little suspicious when a private car sits on his tail. I find that I have only to be in this position for a couple of seconds and I am spotted without further delay. The lorry driver then signals me to pass him and, of course, if I do so he

(Continued on page 256)

THE CAR FOR A STAR: Victor McLaglan, screenland's "tough guy", discusses features of the new Chrysler Imperial outside the Dorchester Hotel. He has just completed a new picture co-starring Gracie Fields

"Racing drivers have always known that the ideal oil would be thinner when cold yet retain the necessary body when hot. I welcome the new lighter Castrol grades for the extra power they liberate...an economy valuable to the ordinary motorist"

George Eyston

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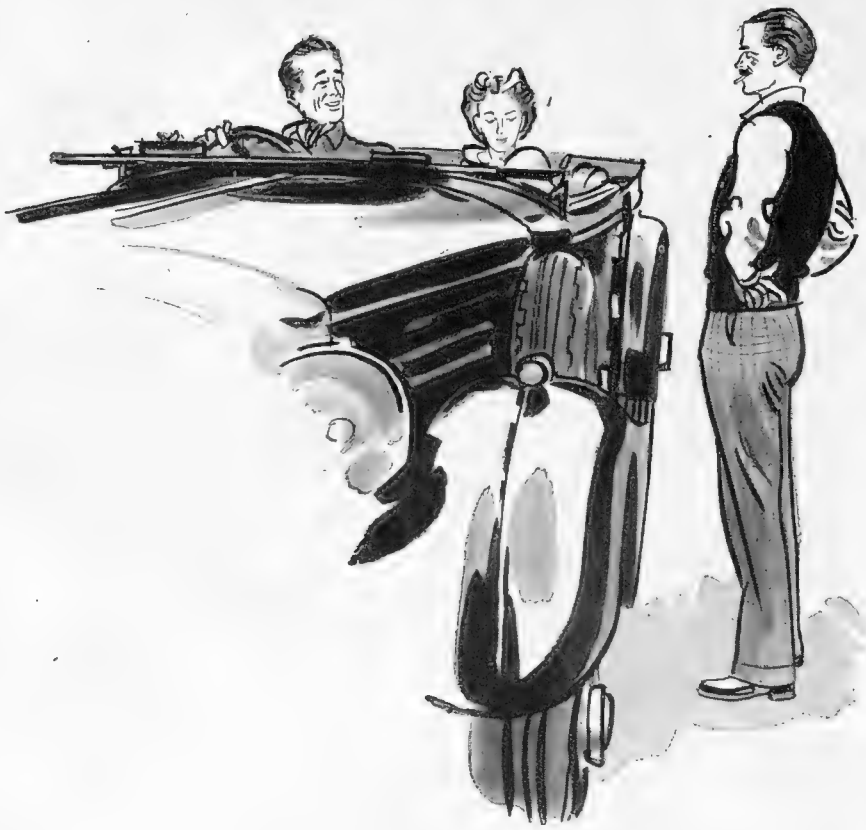

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(*Continued from page* 254)

is more than pleased to find I am not a policeman in disguise.

At the same time I do not wish to imply that lorry drivers do not signal drivers to overtake from any lack of courtesy. I think, as a class, they are considerate drivers and in view of the fact that their task in driving a heavy vehicle over great distances is an arduous one I think they deserve every praise for their good driving. Frequently, however, I find that their desire to see me pass them over-rides their better judgment, for practically every day I am on the road I come across instances where they wave me on when conditions are highly dangerous for passing.

Personally, I have far too high a regard for my neck than to act on their signals, but I can well imagine less experienced motorists being egged on to overtake and landing themselves in difficulties. This is a practice which could well be checked by the "Courtesy Cops," but as they appear to be always in uniform I am afraid that they would scarcely get the opportunity of doing so. Although I do not like the idea of policemen in mufti I think there would be some excuse for their carrying out such duties out of uniform.

Although the month of April has probably been colder than usual, there has been tremendous activity in the motor-boating world getting ready for the new season. The popularity of motoring on water has been steadily increasing during the past five years, but even now the number of motor boats in this country is infinitesimal as compared with the number in commission in America. The average motorist does not yet appreciate the pleasure that can be derived from owning and running a motor boat or cruiser.

People who enjoy motoring for the sake of motoring get more and more fed up with the congested state of our roads during week-ends, and many I know refuse to stick their head outside their front gates on a Saturday or Sunday. By selecting their time judiciously these car-owners could very easily reach a spot fifty or a hundred miles distant without meeting too much traffic on a Friday or Saturday night, and there is scarcely a spot in this country which is more than that distance from a suitable waterway.

Motoring on water is a much cheaper pastime than motoring on the road. To commence with a commodious and comfortable motor cruiser in which four people can sleep can be purchased new for, say, £600. One might almost call such a craft a luxury vessel and if less accommodation meets the case and absolute luxury is not required a suitable craft can be purchased for a much smaller sum.

Further, it should be remembered that depreciation in the motor boat world is not a matter which should cause any anxiety. Motor craft do not age materially. This is due probably to the fact that mass production as known in the car world is not widely practised. Even when a second-hand boat is purchased no one seems to worry whether it is a 1935 or 1930 model.

An idea of running costs may be gleaned from the fact that I can run my 30 ft. Morris engined cruiser for an hour on one gallon of petrol. During a whole season I doubt if the engine consumes half-a-gallon of oil. True, certain inland waterways charge high registration fees and impose irksome restrictions but the prospective owner should not be put off thereby because there are many other rivers or canals where the charges are ridiculously small. For instance, on the Cam and the Ouse, where I keep my cruiser the registration fee is only 7s. 6d. per year.

There are probably many motorists like myself who would be distinctly displeased on being asked to dust his sitting-room or wash the floor of his kitchen, but the owner of a motor boat would actually enjoy cleaning down the deck of his craft and taking an active part in tidying up the cabins.

On the water everyone passes a friendly word to those on other boats. There does not appear to be any rivalry, in fact when one becomes an owner of a boat of any description one appears to join a brotherhood in which no harsh word appears to be heard.

Now is the time to get busy and buy a craft either new or second-hand, but as regards the latter there are, as might be expected, certain pitfalls. I would not advise any motorist to buy a used boat without seeking the advice of a trusted expert. Like on most articles a coat of paint on a boat can cover a multitude of faults, and it is, therefore, well to remember that a nice freshly painted white hull may not be so sound as it looks.

The other day the Ford Motor Co., Ltd., announced that Sir Malcolm Campbell had been offered and had accepted an appointment on the Board of Directors of that Company. Sir Malcolm's appointment fills the vacancy created by the death of Sir John Davies. I think the Ford Motor Company are to be congratulated on this appointment, for I know from personal experience that Sir Malcolm is not a person who would permit his name to be associated with any firm unless he was prepared and desired to take an active part in the direction of affairs.

ROAD MAKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: In the background of this picture can be seen the Wee Rest In the Rest and Be Thankful Hill district where a new road is being made. In the foreground are some of the stones which will have to be blasted to get the road clear

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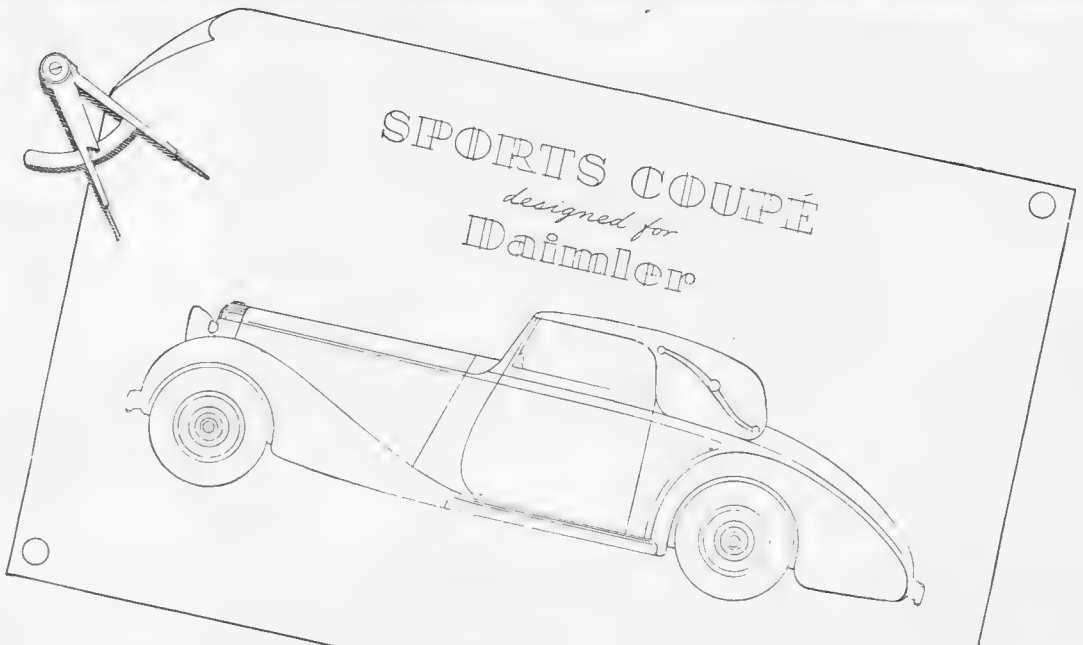

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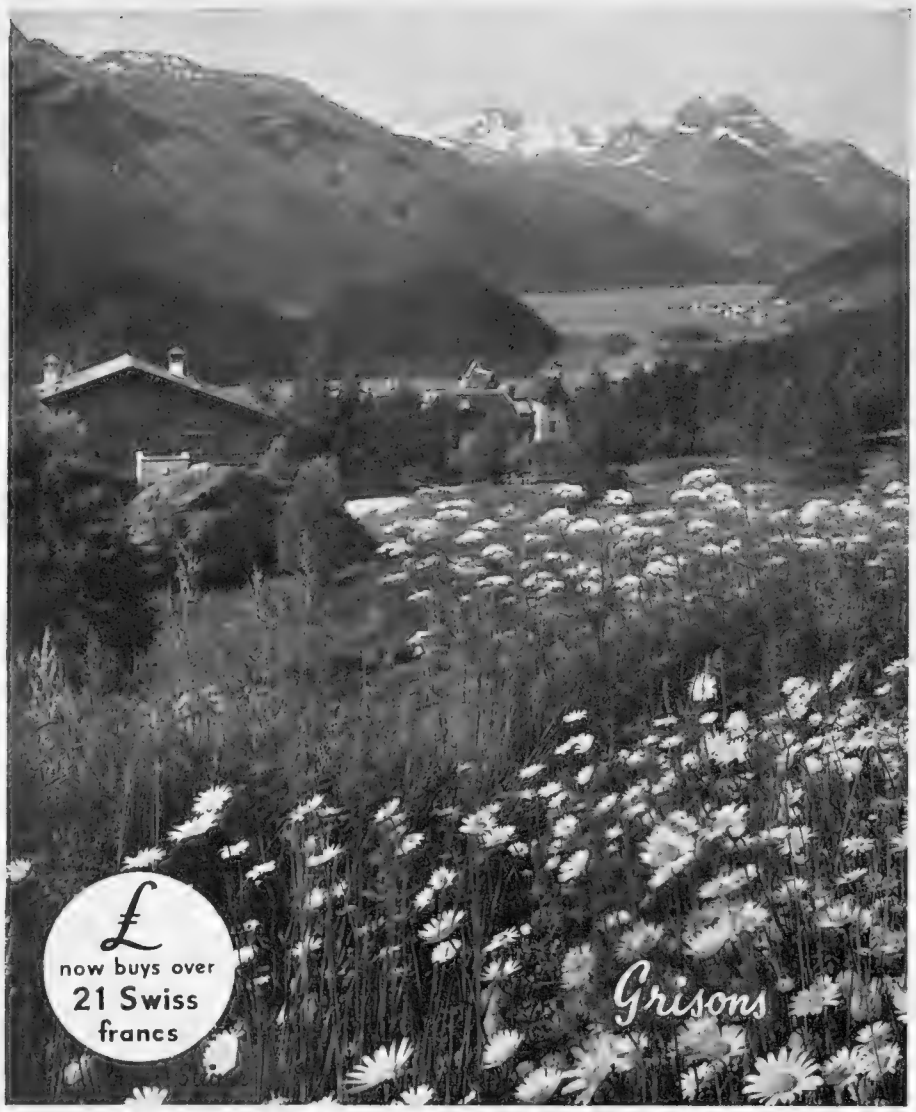

INFORMATION : Advice and free descriptive Literature from The Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent Street, London, S.W.1, WHItehall 9851. Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents.

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Summer, 1939—See the Swiss National Exhibition at Zurich.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest). Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing. Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4065.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 5 21
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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THE CREAM OF DEVONSHIRE! The little harbour at Clovelly, beloved of artists and of all who would steep themselves in the atmosphere of the West

AFTER many weeks travelling on the magic carpet of the imagination, sometimes floating over tropical seas, at others intoxicated by the pure air of Alpine heights looking down the glistening slopes of the ski fields, let us have a look at the homeland again. It is May and all nature is astir in response to the growing strength of the sun and lengthening days. More than that there is much talk of holidays.

Hundreds of thousands who in days gone by had to be content with the few days of the high holiday festivals or sacrifice their pay for a short break, now look forward to the happy prospect of a period of freedom which does not upset the family budget. Some may realise the long cherished ambition of a trip abroad but the vast majority will be content with home resorts both seaside and inland.

There is another factor—not a new one it is true—but it has assumed an importance and strength which must ere long achieve its end. It will not do it in a moment, but its effect will be increasingly felt until August unselfishly stands on level terms with the three preceding months. Before that ideal is attained the problem of school holidays has to be solved, and solved it will be by that greatest power in the land—Public Opinion—overcoming the innermost stubbornness of the educational system.

The two things are closely related, for obviously, with so many more people getting holidays, the problem of the resorts already suffering from an August saturation and the transport facilities under heavy strain in consequence, becomes acute unless the season is lengthened into the days of longest daylight. I have never encountered any serious individual objection to taking earlier holidays, that many people seem to be resigned to August because of the children's holidays." Young people like company, naturally, and say they do not want earlier holidays because there is "nobody about." That complaint will automatically disappear with the advance of the spread-over movement.

In the matter of cost a longer holiday season is all to the good. August is the expensive month because it is the harvest of the people who provide accommodation, but if trade is better in May, June, and early July lower average charges are possible and staffs working for a longer season of employment under less strenuous conditions give better service, thereby adding to the comfort of the guests.

Much the same applies to the railways. The flattening out of the peak means more comfortable travel. It is possible to produce figures and relate experiences to illustrate how extremely unpleasant August can be. Let us be kind to the old friend of our school days. Our climate is an old established gamble.

A year or two ago I sat for a long time one evening overlooking the picturesque harbour of Ilfracombe glistening in the glory of the full moon. It might have been, as we say, a summer's evening, but it was about November 1. On that experience I am not arguing for November holidays: in fact the next day it rained most of the time, and of the score or so staying at my hotel most were "commercials" on preferential terms. The recollection of that evening, however, gives me a lead to the subsequent line of this article.

There is so much of beauty and interest in this homeland that in dealing with any one part those who live in others may feel slighted. It is the fact, nevertheless, that people from abroad who know little of our land always include the west country in the itineraries mapped out in their minds. Not without advantage and justice has Devon adopted the adjective "glorious," Cornwall defined itself in relation to "riviera," and Somerset enlisted alliteration's artful aid in "sands and smiles."

I have brought Somerset in because within its boundaries is the old beacon hill of Dunkery from which one of the finest panoramas in these islands may be obtained, taking in the Bristol Channel flanked by the distant mountains of Wales and, nearer at hand, the Quantock Hills and Exmoor, while at its feet nestle picturesque Porlock, close to the sea, and Dunster of world wide fame. Moreover, in the moor rises the Exe, soon claimed by Devon, to become one of the several delightful rivers of the west. It runs through Tiverton, which goes back to the time of Alfred the Great, to Exeter; and its wide sandy estuary where it enters the English Channel is a great enticement to small craft when the water is high.

Come back to Exeter for a moment. You may not like staying in a large city, but waive that where Exeter is concerned and you will be rewarded. It is steeped in history going back to the days before the Romans came, and from the point of view of the tourist of to-day it is probably the finest strategic point in the county.

The valley of the Exe, Dartmoor, Buckfast, modern monument to monastic industry and enterprise, the red cliffs of a good stretch of the coast and its varied resorts—Torquay, Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Paignton among them—are all easily accessible. One of the most delightful pictures along there to my mind is the mouth of the Dart with its sentinel heights, perfect setting for a classic. Its busy ferry links Dartmouth town and Kingswear—you may be lucky enough to see a silver hulled cruising liner or two towering above you as you cross—and there are scores of small craft about.

On a calm warm night with the lights winking across the estuary it is indeed enchanting. You must do the Dart trip to or from Totnes. I have heard it called the Rhine of England. I would not say that, but it is very beautiful.

Then take another town as your centre. Plymouth, like Exeter, is almost completely surrounded by excursions. Again you have the moor in a good position for an exploration of that extensive promontory from Start Point to Bolt Tail, penetrated by the waterway of Salcombe Harbour. You will never forget your first glimpse of that river as you come down the narrow road from the top.

I have done no more than sketch a few pictures of the west country as they have flashed through my mind. The fact is that each day is so full of discovery that even the days of June with nearly sixty more hours of daylight than August, a fact ingeniously demonstrated in a G.W.R. calendar diagram, do not seem long enough.

Beverley Brooke

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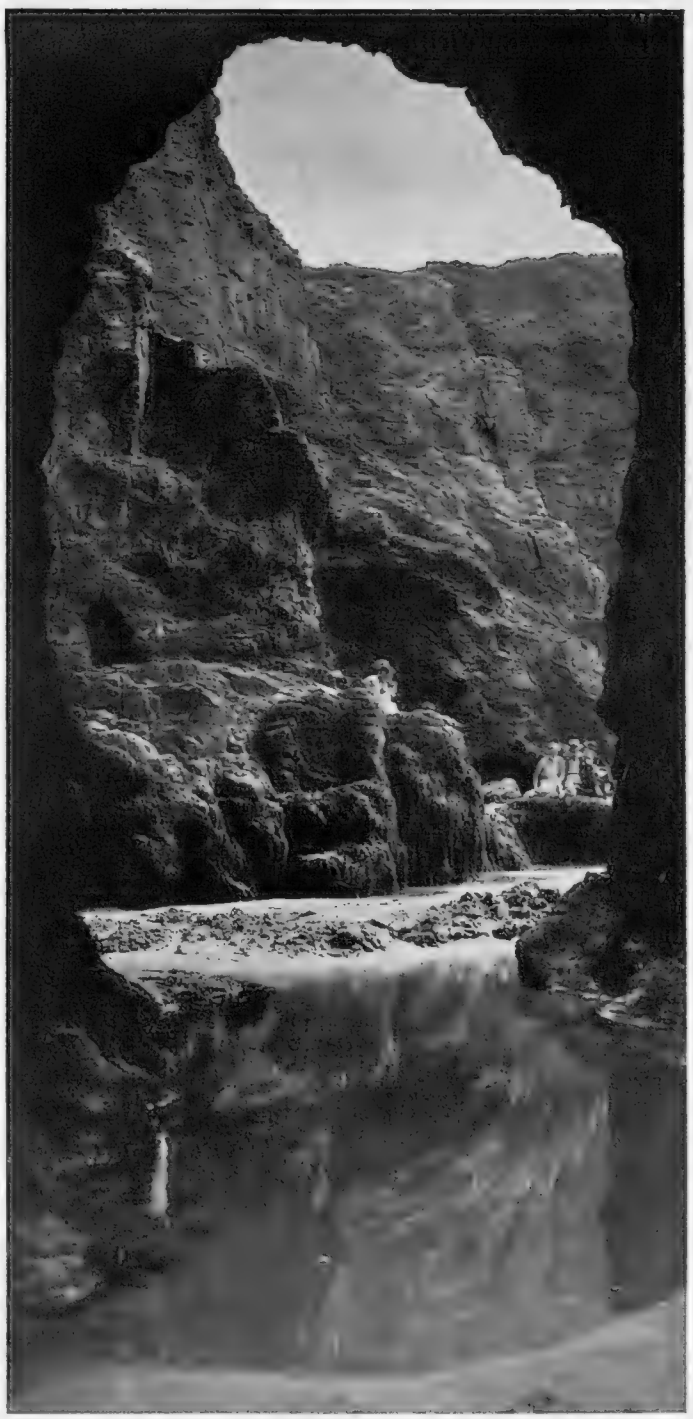

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In Quest of

Oxford, a City of Few, are Provide a High

IT has for a long time been my intention to write an article about Oxford—a queen among cities, which I am pleased to say I have got to know much better in the last few months. I suppose there is no tourist from abroad who ever comes to England without the wish to visit Oxford, and certainly English people who have as yet missed it on their holidays should make a point of stopping there, even if only for a night, before they get much older.

If you ask the average man why he wishes to see Oxford he will probably tell you that it is because of the magnificent buildings and gardens of the famous colleges and this is a sufficient reason, for they certainly are magnificent. But anyone who has ever stayed for any length of time in Oxford will agree with me that there is more to it than this, for Oxford ranks second to almost no other place in England as a headquarters for a touring holiday.

Within easy reach are London and Birmingham, Bath and Southampton. Nearer at hand still you have Stratford-on-Avon and the Chiltern Hills, the Berkshire Downs and those lovely unexplored reaches of the Thames in the Cotswolds. Indeed, you could probably stay in Oxford for a month and drive your car out of it every day over a completely different route and through completely different scenery.

When I came to explore the hotels in Oxford I was first struck by the fact that there are so few of them; for surely here, if anywhere, you would expect a different hotel to flourish on every corner, but, in fact, to practically every visitor three hotels dominate the scene; each of them of its kind very good, each of them practically world famous. They are the Mitre, the Clarendon, and the Randolph.

Let us take the Mitre first, for, and its rivals must allow me to make this confession, it is my personal favourite of the three. There are not many hotels in England which have been established and famous for 660 years. The Mitre is one of them. Its appearance is of an extremely charming late-eighteenth-century coaching house and its atmosphere of great prosperity and more spacious days is well maintained in the midst of its modern improvements.

Everything that you require for leading your life according to twentieth-century standards of comfort is to be found here, but it is not, and does not pretend to be, a modern hotel. The people it caters for are the people who like dignity and character in their surroundings and, above all, good food.

For the Mitre is, to my mind, in some ways like the Royal Clarence Hotel in Exeter, and as with the Royal Clarence its cuisine is magnificent. Indeed, I know of many people who have no occasion to stay in Oxford who constantly drive many miles to dine at the Mitre. Wine and cigars, and the other epicurean pleasures of life are up

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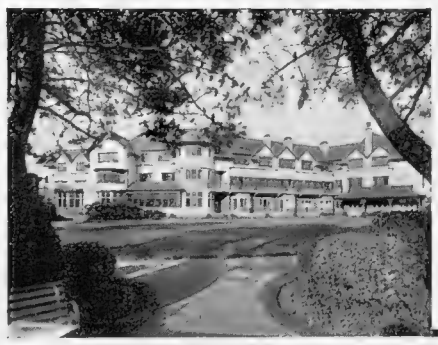

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Hotels, But what there Standard of Comfort

to the same standard, and people who appreciate these things should on no account miss this picturesque halting place.

The Clarendon is a very different sort of hotel, and, in its way, extremely good. It is a member of the Trust House group and it must, I think, be one of their show places. It is unlike the Mitre, and inside you will find modern decorations and a noticeably swift and willing service. It has all the characteristics which one would expect of a good Trust House and—not the least of its attractions—it is always busy.

In the evenings you will find there, drinking coffee or occasionally stronger beverages in the lounge, a motley and amusing group of undergraduates, business men, American visitors and perhaps the leading members of whatever theatrical company is appearing at the theatre that week.

My motto is, as I have told SPHERE readers before, "When in doubt, stay at a Trust House," and it is places like the Clarendon which make it easy to say nice things about this admirable group of hotels.

The Randolph again is in a totally different category from either of the other two. It is a regrettable fact that Oxford has nearly as many hideous buildings as it has lovely ones, and surely the best friend of the Randolph can hardly deny that it is among the most hideous. The great grey barrack of a building which you see ahead of you as you come down the famous St. Giles gives little indication of the five star standard of luxury which greets you inside its revolving doors.

The Randolph has never, as far as I know, made any attempt to popularise itself or publicise itself. It is content to keep its prices high and offer service and accommodation and food which are first-class in every way. Those that like it, it seems to say, can come here; and they do, in large quantities.

Indeed, it is difficult once you are inside the Randolph to remember that you are in a not very large provincial town, for the atmosphere is more like the West End of London. Huge rooms, always busy, always completely quiet, thick pile carpets, really luxurious food and beds and as much attention as you could possibly require, soon make you forget the ugliness of the building. The Randolph tries to appeal to the well-to-do, and a glance at its visitors' book will soon show you that it succeeds in getting them.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.

SCOTTISH HOTELS

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Abington.—Abington Hotel.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
Muchalls (nr. Aberdeen).—Marine Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stirlingshire.—Buchanan Castle.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

In Quest of

If you are Going to Scotland to Plan Ahead

THERE was a time when the consensus of opinion was that Scottish hotels were notoriously bad, but from the tour I made of Scotland last year, and from other opinions, I am satisfied that to-day they are on the whole surprisingly good.

It must be remembered that their trade is very largely seasonal and that when the season does commence, they have all their work cut out to cope with the demands with limited accommodation. Hence my warning again that if you are going to Scotland you ought to plan ahead and book ahead.

There are three ways of crossing the border: the western route via Carlisle, the eastern road by Berwick-on-Tweed, or as a middle course, the road via Otterburn and Carter Bar.

It is fortunate that on all three routes there are excellent hotels awaiting you not very far over the Border.

Taking the Carlisle route first, just twenty-five miles north is Lockerbie House, as nice a country house hotel as you would wish to find anywhere. It lies about half a mile off the main road proper, and here you can be assured of a good night's rest in tranquillity, preceded by a good dinner in the evening and followed by a good breakfast the next day.

My only regret about Lockerbie House is that it lies so near the Border, because I have always felt that had I not been proceeding farther north I should one day like to spend several nights there, as I yet hope I may. Lockerbie House is in itself delightful. There are lovely grounds. There is good fishing to be had locally, and it is an excellent strategetic point for touring Galloway and the Scottish Lowlands.

Of course, it may be that you have so timed your journey that you can get a little farther afield the first night, and if you have this leisured time I can strongly recommend the Abington Hotel, some twenty miles farther north.

Of recent years, this hotel was taken over by a man who had deplored the lack of good accommodation in that neighbourhood. I was attracted to it the first time I passed by a sign over the portal saying "Patronised by Royalty" but I was so taken by the hotel when I visited it that I quite forgot to ask who the Royalty in question were.

To-day there are sixteen most attractive bedrooms with radiators, plenty of bathrooms and on the ground floor a most pleasant dining room.

Coming by the Carter Bar route you must make for a point 14 miles from Peebles, where you will discover on the Edinburgh-Moffat road a model roadside inn, the Crook, whose postal address is Tweedsmuir by Big-gar,

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Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

in Exhibition Year you Ought and Book Ahead

Peeblesshire. When you see the Crook of to day, you will have a difficulty in believing that this inn has been in existence for over 300 years. In the early days it was the only inn between Edinburgh and Moffat and was, in addition, the local post office and the point where the mail changed hands.

Many a well-known person, including the Scottish poet Robert Burns, patronised the inn, and like many a Scottish inn, they have wisely capitalised the romance of the past. I append the following from their folder—

"Near the Inn, at Linkum-doddie, dwelt the famous Willie Wastle, a close friend of Burns. The extreme unloveliness and eccentric nature of Willie's wife so repelled Burns that on returning to the Inn after an evening's visit, he wrote the well-known poem in which he expressed his dislike to the extent that he 'wad na gie a button for her.'"

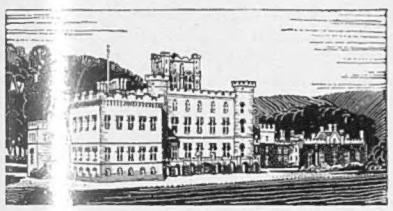
But it is not the Crook of yesterday that will attract you there so much as the Crook of to-day. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say I know no roadside hotel in Scotland, or England, which appeals to me more, and as Mr. and Mrs. McLellan, who run it, know, I went some hundred miles out of my way last year to re-visit it. It is my inn of perfection, and would that there were more Crook Inns dotted about the countryside!

Even if you cannot stop there you must visit the Willie Wastle cocktail bar and convey my regards to Jim who, I hope, is still there.

On the North Berwick route the obvious course is to make for Edinburgh, but Edinburgh is a place that must never be used as a port of call, but only for a sustained sojourn. Further, the danger of going to Edinburgh is that you miss that paradise of golf which lies from North Berwick through Gullane, along the coast to the Firth of Forth. It is ever worth while making a detour to stay in this sector of Scotland, and if you do take this route, my advice is that you stop at the Marine Hotel at Gullane, because there you will find a first-class hotel, Scottish hospitality at its best, three first-class golf courses at the door, and all around sandy beaches, excellent bathing, and a high sunshine record.

Since I was at the Marine, Gullane, last year, I hear that they have opened a cocktail bar, and although I admit cocktail bars are often good starting-off points for striking up friendships, the Marine at Gullane is such a friendly hotel that you will always find a welcome, not only from the manageress, Miss Crighton, and her staff, but from anybody who may happen to be staying in the hotel at the same time.

Your Castle, Sir!



By the hurrying waters of the Tay . . . beneath the Grampians . . . lies Taymouth Castle. Once a moated stronghold, now it is famous as one of the Highlands' most up-to-date hotels. In its 500 acres you can fish for trout and salmon; play tennis, badminton, or golf (course designed by Braid). Come here this summer, and see the best of Scotland.

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CVS—33

BUOYANT SHANGHAI (*Continued from page* 230)

and anxiety regarding the coming of epidemics with the approach of the hot weather. The sanitary conditions in some of the camps are appalling. There is shortage of funds for feeding these unfortunates, and for getting them some rags of clothes. Corpses of humans and animals are still being collected and cremated right outside the Settlements.

Much disappointment is felt at the scant response in America to President Roosevelt's appeal for contributions for relief in China. Reports here say that only U.S. 50,000 dollars (£10,000) have been forthcoming. Madame Chiang Kai-shek was much concerned about it when I saw her in Hong Kong. In part it is attributed to reports that have gone abroad of graft and corruption in Chinese circles handling relief funds. Where such relief funds are expended, applied, or distributed under the immediate direction of foreign diplomatic or consular officials, as they should be in present circumstances and conditions, contributions may be freely given with full assurance that the money will be applied for the benefit of the helpless sufferers.

The report, persistently circulated, especially in some foreign circles here, that "Britain can stop the war whenever she is satisfied that both Japan and China have been sufficiently weakened," is much resented in British circles. I had a long talk with Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, the new British Ambassador to China, and with the British Consul-General, Mr. Herbert Phillips. These reports are just one aspect of the intrigue and mischief-making propensities from which certain foreign elements seem unable to restrain themselves, even though all foreigners are much in the same pickle, and should loyally hold together.

BRITAIN AND THE REFUGEE (*Continued from page* 240)

lived and worked among the English, and spoke their language. They intermarried with them; their children played together; and the idea of remaining foreigners in the country in which they had been born and bred became year by year more distasteful to them. They were not a 'peculiar people,' like the Jews; but Protestants, like the nation which had given them refuge and into which they naturally desired to become merged. Hence it was that by the end of the eighteenth century nearly all the French churches, as such, had disappeared; and the places of the French ministers became occupied in many cases by clergymen of the Established Church, and in others by ministers of the different dissenting persuasions.

"Since that time the fusion of the exiles with the English people has become complete."

ON STAGE AND SCREEN (*Continued from page* 247)

solicitor, but a young and charming one. The third lands a £10,000 a year catch, which may be said to have justified the trip.

As mouse No. 1, Miss Dorothy Hyson played with very pretty sincerity and has now shed all her mannerisms. Miss Diana Beaumont (No. 2) cleverly put more comedy into her part than, I suspect, it originally contained. Miss Renée Ray (No. 3), though a trifle too perky and restless, had some admirable moments.

Miss Ellen Pollock and Mr. Joss Ambler (who has an original and diverting style about him) had to deal in "sophisticated" epigrams of a tedious type; people just do not talk to each other like that. *Three Blind Mice* would be improved with a new final scene substituted. Someone should cut off its present tail with a carving knife. Besides, only Mr. Robertson Hare must be robbed of his trousers.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (*Continued from page* 252)

of other countries all over the world as revolutionary Russia and its obsequious instrument, the Third International."

Unto Caesar is a courageous book by a clear-sighted thinker with Liberal tendencies. It is an attempt to uncover essential values in a world of complexities overlaid with alarm and apprehension. Some may think it profoundly disturbing to the point of defeatism, but none but a highly-coloured political eye can deny that Mr. Voigt shows plainly how the realities he uncovers can be faced. Certainly it is the most valuable, the most important, and the most significant of all recent books on international affairs.

Sir Philip Gibbs is, of course, the reporter *par excellence*. He is the ideal Man on the Spot or Our Own Special Representative. With the inquiring notebook and pencil he goes to the heart of all the troubles (and nothing but trouble is news) and can always be relied upon to bring the right amount of Human Interest into his story.

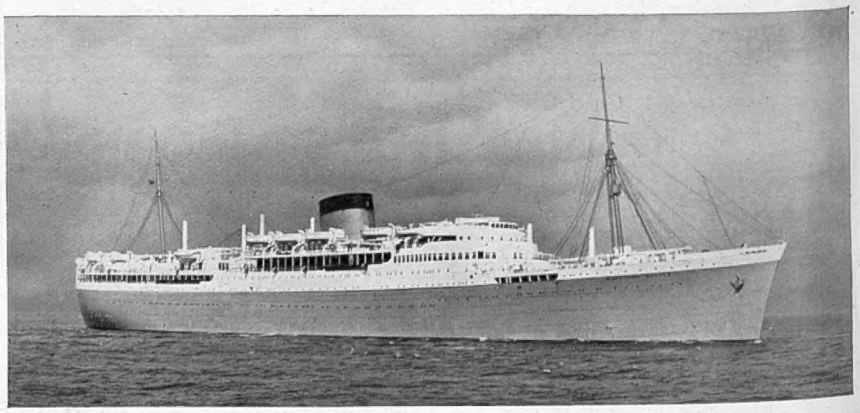
ACROSS THE FRONTIERS (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is another of those excellent pieces of reportage for which Sir Philip is so justly famous. He has a knack of going to the root of disturbances and setting down in a delightfully easy style a picture of what he found there. The result is as comprehensive and all-inclusive as Frith's *Derby Day*. He interviews Leaders with skill and a thorough understanding of what he is after, and then he goes and talks to all and sundry of the people who are being led.

By this method he manages to present us with a cross section of every kind of opinion, and some of the most interesting matter in this book is taken from the lips of the opposition he managed to uncover in Germany.

Artist and Sitter: By an unfortunate slip in last week's issue of THE SPHERE, Mr. Rodrigo Moynihan's portrait of Mr. W. W. Winkworth, illustrating an article on contemporary art, was ascribed to the sitter and it was indicated that Mr. Winkworth was the artist. In correcting the statement we take the opportunity of apologising to Mr. Moynihan for the error.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On Wednesday April 27th H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, K.G., President of the above Society, opened their new Fortescue House Home, Hampton Road, Twickenham. H.R.H. spoke of the great work which the Society is doing in constantly caring for 1,200 poor boys and girls and giving them a chance in life. Donations and legacies are urgently needed to help this work and a special appeal is made to the readers of "The Sphere" to send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



PRIDE OF THE FLEET: The 27,000-ton Union Castle liner *Capetown Castle* which sailed last week on her maiden voyage to South Africa. Her raked stem, cruiser type stern, and pear-shaped, streamlined funnel give a general effect of grace and power

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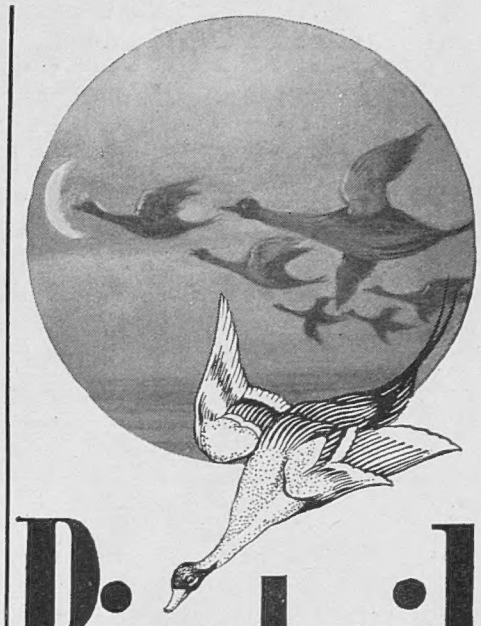

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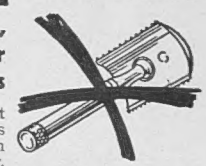

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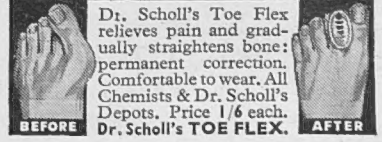

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